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GREEKS AT SMYRNA.

A FEW days after our arrival at Smyrna, we were invited to dine with a Greek merchant, with whom a young Sciote lady, who accompanied us hither, had taken up her abode. His house was situated in one of the best streets in the French quarter, with spacious rooms, and a shady garden in the rear. The fitting-up of the entire was really splendid; and the repast, combining all the luxuries of the country, was conducted with the elegance of European style. Our entertainer had been married to a lady, a native of Florence, who died early, leaving him a son and two daughters. The former had been, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, engaged in business with his father; but his ardent patriotism having induced him to take an active, though concealed part, in forwarding the efforts of his countrymen, he was denounced to the Pasha of Smyrna, by one of his companions who had been detected, but whose fortitude could not withstand the tortures which were applied to wring from him the secret of his associates; and whilst at slow intervals his teeth were one by one extracted, and the nails slowly torn from his toes and fingers, he delivered up the names of his accomplices, in order to purchase a speedy death in lieu of the agonies he was enduring. Young Lallaho had, however, sufficient time to make his escape, and flying to the mountains above Karabornou, he lay concealed, till,

reaching a British vessel in the straits of Scio, he was landed at the Ionian islands, and had thence reached the Morea, and openly espoused the cause of the struggling insurgents. Nearly five years had now elapsed since his flight, and, with the exception of vague rumors, no news of his situation or fortunes had ever reached his family, till one night, about a month previous to our arrival, he entered the house of his father by a back passage from the garden. The joy of his return was, however, quickly clouded by the consciousness that his discovery by the Turks would ensure not only his own immediate slaughter, but the destruction of his entire family for having dared to give him shelter or protection; he was accordingly concealed, even from the domestics, in one of the most secluded parts of the house, and his society only enjoyed at intervals and by stealth.

Almost from birth, and frequently previous to it, the children of the Greeks are contracted in marriage by their parents; nay, such betrothings have been known even before the parents themselves have been introduced into the world. From infancy, those destined for each other are brought up and educated in the anticipation of their future union, till custom and duty have strengthened mutual affection by long habit and association. Instances of such contracts being dissolved by common consent of the parties are seldom

heard ; but were one individual, even under the most unpropitious circumstances, to break the long cherished affiancement, the act would stamp him with cureless infamy. A motive of this kind had caused the return of the young patriot : he had long been betrothed to the daughter of a merchant of Smyrna, and a sentiment of fond affection had sanctioned the choice of his parents : his flight from his home had not been with so much precipitation as to prevent him taking adieu of his bride, and giving her assurances of his future return to claim her, and fly with her to some more peaceful home, beyond the reach of their tyrants. He had now redeemed his promise, and was about to conduct her to Leghorn, where he had made arrangements for opening a mercantile house in conjunction with a countryman and correspondent of his father, long resident in Tuscany. He had arrived several months before in an European vessel, under the disguise of a seaman ; but, fearing to land during the commotions then reigning in Smyrna, he was obliged to remain during some weeks in hourly danger on board, within sight of his dearly-loved home, but unable either to give notice to his friends of his presence, or to set a foot on its treacherous shore, and at last, after tedious watching and anxious delay, he was obliged again to put to sea, and bid it a second reluctant farewell. The vessel now carried him to Beirout, Jaffa, and finally to Alexandria ; from whence he was obliged to beg his way from one vessel to another, to Leghorn, Malta, and the Ionian islands, where he once more embarked for Smyrna. After many a narrow chance, he at last landed during a stormy night at an obscure part of the bay, and by the utmost caution and concealment at length succeeded in reaching his father's house. He had now made all his arrangements, and was to sail in a few days with his bride in an Austrian vessel for Trieste, should he be enabled to elude his enemies till the time of his

departure. The daughters of the old gentleman were two of the most beautiful girls I had seen in the Levant : their costume was rather of the Italian than Greek taste, but combined the elegances of both ; their light silk dresses were made to suit accurately to the figure, instead of flowing loosely and ungracefully as in the Morea. A slipper with a high heel, such as are generally worn in the north of Italy, richly embroidered, and covering only the front of the foot, showed to full advantage a delicately turned ankle, through a stocking of netted silk fine as a gossamer, whilst their turbans of transparent gauze, ornamented with a glittering aigrette and a wreath of golden flowers, rather enhanced than shaded the glossy ringlets which flowed over a brow fair as polished marble. Their accomplishments too had not been neglected, and I never heard the songs of Greece sound so enchantingly as when breathed by their sweetly-toned voices, accompanied by a guitar, to some of the native airs of Britain, and especially to Mozart's delicious one of "Life let us cherish," which seems an universal favorite with the Greeks. Their manners seemed to be a combination of the three classes with whom they associated,—the grace of the Italian, the sprightly vivacity of the Greek, and the stately tournure of the Ottomans ; and a tinge of melancholy cast an universal interest over all three. The dress of the male portion of the company was European, their national costume being laid aside, either from choice, or for protection against the casual insults of the Turks. The son of our host did not make his appearance, nor was his name mentioned by any ; and in fact it was only on a third visit that we learned his tale. The conversation during the day presented a fair specimen of the varying and cameleon-like character of the people, taking a tinge from every topic, and verging in an instant "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," whilst every change of temperament carried to an extreme of

gaiety or sadness, though the former generally prevailed. The females seemed to monopolize all the melancholy of the party: continued terror and reiterated scenes of horror and of dread appeared to have damped their natural sprightliness: they spoke often of their awful situation; in the midst of an infuriated enemy, where the moments of rejoicing for the successes of their countrymen were those when they had most to dread from the brutality of their masters. They knew not the hour when the caprice of their governors might consign them to the fate of Scio, which hundreds of their friends and relatives had already shared, and when the orders of the Divan and the vigilance of the guards rendered escape from Smyrna almost an impossibility, which nothing but despair could urge them to attempt, and detection in which, without another crime, would itself condemn them to slavery or slaughter. The intervals in such accounts as these, and the freezing tales with which they illustrated them, were filled up with amusements as lively as *they* were depressing, and songs and music passed the time till a late hour, when we took our departure and put off, to spend the night in our births on board.

A few evenings before our departure from Smyrna, we had gone out in a boat, after sunset, to observe a curious method of fishing at night, practised by the Smyrniots in the shallows of the bay. A small vessel of charcoal and burning sticks is suspended over the prow of the boat, and, by striking the water with a hollow stick from the stern, the fish, attracted by the light, are driven into the net attached to the boat. Induced by the calmness of the night, and the numerous fires which were floating on every side around us, we had passed to about two or three miles distance from the beach, and were rowing about to enjoy the cool breeze which set in at sunset, and by the help of which a little vessel was lying off and on in the roads, apparently awaiting the arrival of some-

thing from shore to put to sea. It was nearly midnight when we returned to our vessel in the bay, and were quietly pulling towards her, when we heard through the gloom the noise of oars and the foaming of a boat through the waters: in a moment it shot past us like a dolphin, but the next the oars were backed, and with a hissing swirl she drew alongside us, and a few Turkish soldiers bounced on board as we were starting up to our defence, when, finding we were not the persons they sought, they uttered a few words of Turkish in apology, and withdrew; their boat again shot across the water with the rapidity of an arrow, whilst we reached our vessel busied with vague conjectures as to the cause of this abrupt and singular interruption. Morning, however, brought its explanation. On going on shore, we learned that information had been received by the Pacha of the intended flight of a party of Greeks from the city, and the officers in the Turkish boat had been sent to intercept them. It appeared that the commander of an Austrian vessel, in which they were to sail, had given notice of their intention to the government, (for the sake of a trifling reward, after having already been paid a considerable sum for their passage,) and received on board the little portion of their property which they had been enabled to secure. The fugitives had been concealed in an obscure part of the bay when his boat had been sent to take them off; but instead of bearing them on board his own brigantine, he carried them in the course of the Turkish barge, as had been previously arranged. As the Moslems, however, drew near, the young man who was the chief of the party, perceiving that they were betrayed, and that escape was impossible, started from his seat, and, plunging his yataghan in the breast of the treacherous Austrian, sprang with a girl who sat beside him into the waves. He sank instantly; but, unfortunately, the dress of the lady kept her above the water till drawn out by the Turks, and reserved to a

deadlier fate. From all the circumstances of the affair, it was evident that the individual who had perished was the unfortunate son of our amiable Greek friend, who had been thus attempting his flight with his bride ; and our anticipations received a melancholy confirmation, when, on hastening towards their dwelling, we found it surrounded by Turkish soldiers ; but, apparently, the inmates had fled :

whither they had directed their wandering steps, we never learned.

But such is the life of the Smyrniot Greek. A few evenings before, we had been with them in their garden, amidst songs and smiles of joy and merriment : they had now gone from that happy home for ever, with the consciousness that their return, even at the most distant period, must be to indignity and death.

FAREWELL OF DAY.

FAREWELL, farewell ! I must away,
Veil'd in my robe of misty gray ;
For the shades of night are gathering fast
The clear sunshine from the wave is past ;
And yon bright star of the welkin sheen,
The star of eve, is faintly seen.

The bee has forsaken the violet's vest,
The twilight is lulling each bird to rest,
The lotus has sunk on the shaded stream,
And the daisy has veil'd her starry beam !
Yet the night-flowers' bloom, and the night-
birds' lay
Ye shall hear and see when I'm far away.

But weep not for me : I shall fade in the west,
Where the sea waves shall murmur above my
rest,
And shall lull me to sleep through the dream-
ing night,
Till again I appear with the dawning light,
Till again I return—and the joyous earth
Shall brighten and blush with the daylight's
birth.

Again will I come with to-morrow's dawn,
When the dew is brightest o'er lea and lawn,
And waken each voice in your summer isle ;
And the ocean-depths shall rejoice and smile,
And the woods shall ring with a joyous lay—
" Come forth to the dawning—away ! away ! "

Yet ere I return the shadows will close
Over those who will sleep in their last repose ;
For, ah ! who shall tell of the withering blight
Of the sorrows that come with the darksome
night,
Of the budding rose, of the cheeks of bloom,
That may wither and fade in that hour of
gloom !

But my tale is told, and I must afar,
For the night is come in her sable car :
The moonlight is rising above the sea,
And a soft voice is singing afar for me :
It bids me depart from each grove and dell,
And I must away—farewell, farewell !

OLD USAGES.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

Hail, ancient manners ! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
Remnants of love—whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws.—
Hail USAGES of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old !

THERE is to me an indescribable charm in *Old Usages*. They are the finest of all antiquities, for they have a life in the present, as well as a venerable memory in the past. The haze of Time has gathered round them ; but it is tinted by the halo of Hope ; they are ancient as the hills, yet fresh as the returning spring. How cheerfully they divided the social year of Old Eng-

land, keeping the heart alive with gentle anticipation, or warm with kindly remembrance ! There was first the hallowed starting-place—welcome Christmas—with its religious solemnities, and revels and carols, if less solemn, scarce less sanctified : the blazing Christmas block, and the garlands of ivy and mistletoe—most sacred of parasites—decorating the oaken hall, into

which was solemnly ushered the boar's head with its appropriate carol :—

*Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudens Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary ;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Quis estis in convivio !*

Merry Shrovetide, with its rustic feast, and yeomanly feats, brought on the glad and Palmy Easter—the blessed morning of the resurrection, when the cottage dame arrayed her children in their new home-spun garbs, and devoutly herself put on

—fresh raiment till that hour unworn,
In thoughtful reverence of the PRINCE of
PEACE.

I confess I was very much delighted to see, last *Pasch* Sunday, in the close vicinity of your metropolis of Presbyterianism, some hundreds of young children playing on the grassy slopes of the Royal Park, with hard-boiled stained eggs—each with a new bonnet, or pair of new shoes—of perhaps but a new pin to ward old custom. I am not sure but I lingered with more heart-reaching satisfaction about this scene of childish sport, than I have felt in surveying all our late stupendous improvements, and felt that there was more of the genuine spirit of antiquity here than in the hall of the Antiquarian Society.

The observances of the May-day, Midsummer-eve, and Hallowmas, mingling as they did the Druidical and classic superstitions with something which, if not Christianity, is far from being inimical to its spirit, were so intimately interwoven with the strong and simple virtues of the elder time, that one cannot help feeling as if their decay indicated a loosening of the bonds of social charity. Then how finely do they awaken the memory of the flowery allegories of the old poets, of Chaucer, and King James I., and Dunbar, and of the last days of romance and expiring chivalry—when the peers of Henry IV. thought it no disparagement of their valour to erect the Maypole in

the court of the Louvre, or when Prince Charles leapt the palace garden-wall at sunrise, to surprise the Infanta of Spain gathering May-dew—the enchanting cosmetic of the ever blooming damsels of romance, the only true “Circassian bloom” and “celestial Kalydor !” The ladies are hereby cautioned against using any other composition than this, distinguished from all counterfeits by the mark of the rosy fingers of Aurora, her signature witnessed by all the Graces.—There is, I fear, no hope of seeing the Duke of Wellington and his Staff set up a Maypole at the Horse Guards, in imitation of the Peers of Henry ; yet the pastime was at least as innocent as the erection of the guillotine in the Place du Carrousel, or even of the triumphal arch of Napoleon, at the Champs Elysées. And though I fear we shall never see any modern Prince imitate the lover's leap of the romantic and unfortunate Charles I., one likes better to think of his mad adventure, than of his successor indulging in the more modern pleasures of a midnight carouse at Chiffinche's, with Lady Castlemain, or “Mistress Nelly.”

All those old customs and superstitions were pregnant with weighty meanings. The *wake* and the *ale* promoted courtesy and cordial good neighbourhood. There was in the Maypole a finer moral than was ever yet gathered in the gallery of a town theatre, where it is still to be seen in effigy. The fairies—yea, the dapper elves by whose example both men and maids were made more cheerful and more happy—were, I think, the first regular society on record for the promotion and encouragement of neatness, cleanliness, and good housewifery. If the gentlemen of the Highland Society think themselves first in date, they are mightily mistaken. The fairies were besides the original improvers of dairy produce ; they were bankers, too, and lent at even less than three per cent. But they are all gone ! And we may sing, with jolly Dick Corbet,

" Farewell, rewards and fairies !
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foule sluts in dairies
 Doe fare as well as they :
 And though they sweep their hearths no less
 Than maids were wont to doe,
 Yet who, of late, for cleanliness,
 Finds sixpence in her shoo !

" At morning and at evening both,
 You merry were and glad ;
 So little care of sleepe and sloth
 Those pretty ladies had.
 When Tom came home from labour,
 Or Ciss to milking rose,
 Then merrily went their labor,
 And nimbly went their toes."

Unless the Ettrick Shepherd charm
 back those " pretty ladies" with his
 pastoral stop, they are gone for ever
 —" Tint, tint, tint !"

All those festivals and superstitions were the humble props of natural piety—their origin was religious. But how different a thing is the *wake* or merry-making of an English manufacturing village, from the primitive rural institution—the festal yet decent observance of the eve of the Saint to whom the parish church was dedicated ! One would like to see the Christmas holly-bush, the palm-branch of Easter, and the gay garlands and white blossoms of the May, flourish in perennial freshness, amaranthine wreaths ; but to look on them dabbled in gin, blighted by the hot breath of riot and gross excess, would make us almost welcome Mr. Martin with a bill to restrain " the idle pulling of hawthorn," or " the wanton gathering of primroses," or the shade of Major Cartwright, followed by his *posse comitatus*. But no !—let even the excrescences that have grown on our ancient customs be removed with gentle hands—let them be renovated, not trodden down, and left to the profane vulgar till even their memory has become a reproach—perished from among us !

Above all those old things, how fine were the ancient troth-plights and " tokenings" of lovers—the dedication of " special locks of vowed hair," and the thousand other amulets ! So high a veneration have I for the pure silver token, (were it but a broken crooked sixpence,) that

were I on the jury of a thief who had not spared this while he filched the other contents of a clown's purse, he should have no recommendation to mercy from me—that evidence should hang him. The sixpence broken for true love ceases to be the common coin " of this realm." It is stamped afresh by Nature's mintage—its obverse is a bleeding heart—its legend " constancy." But far above all other " tokenings," the exchange of Bibles is most beautiful and affecting. Into how powerful a talisman may a tiny red or blue volume be converted !—How many changes of time, and mood, and worldly circumstance, will the memory of its acquisition survive, and still continue to be precious !—I cannot at this moment recollect any scene of the highest wrought fiction more tenderly touching than that described of Burns—the inspired and still innocent boy Burns, and his early-lost sweetheart, meeting in the Sabbath quiet of their suspended harvest toils, by the winding Ayr, *

O'erhung with wild-woods thickening green !

to spend " one day of parting-love," and exchange probably their whole independent personal property—their Bibles !—How heart-touching the simple and holy betrothal which makes the history and the charter of man's salvation the pledge of his tenderness and fidelity to the beloved sharer of his earthly love, and of his immortal hopes !

But I have wandered strangely from the object of my narrative, which was to record an *old usage* which still exists, and which to me was as novel as it was delightful. On my late homeward voyage, I fell in with a shipmate, whose quiet and rather reserved, though finally kind and pleasing manners, and general intelligence, proved exceeding agreeable, and fully repaid my trouble in courting his acquaintance. Richard Ashton's friendship, if slow in growth, was well worth waiting for. Towards the end of our voyage we were vexed in the Channel by baf-

fling winds, and my calm friend became more impatient than was consistent with his philosophic temperament. He wished to reach home by a particular day. "One might think, Mr. Ashton, you had an appointment on that day with your mistress, after a three years' absence in India," was my smart remark, as we lolled over the ship's side in a dead calm.—"I have with a half dozen of them, all about equally dear," was his reply. "I had set my heart on being home by Sunday; and I yet hope that I shall. It is an annual festival in our family—in all the families of our county—all my brothers and sisters will be at home—it is *Mothering Sunday*."

I believe I half started—Mothering Sunday! how beautiful a name! I too had left at home a mother—I was touching on the land of my fathers! I entreated to be allowed to accompany my friend home, and the request was instantly granted. I inquired farther about this august festival, but learned nothing more than that on that particular day, all the children of one blood, however scattered by the waves of life, flocked back to the dwelling of their parents—to their own birth-spot. My friend had come from Bengal just in time; a married brother and sister, he said, were settled in London; another sister resided in Liverpool—but "I think," said he, with his grave smile, "we shall have them all, if no unlucky hooping-coughs, nor ill-timed confinements, as the ladies call them, come in the way."

On the evening of the following Saturday he said to me, pointing from our chaise to a low ridge of hills at a distance—"The hills beyond my father's dwelling;" and with his quiet humorous smile to those he liked, he added, "you think, Colonel, the gods have not made me poetical; but call me single-sonnet Ashton, if you please, for I once made some rhymes on this spot, which my sister Marianne christened a sonnet, and that was the first line, '*The hills beyond my father's*

dwelling!' There must have followed a *swelling*, of course, but whether of heart, eyes, or memory, I cannot recollect. Marianne, before her marriage, had not only made a fair copy of the lines for each of her sisters, but could repeat them. Poor Marianne! she was herself my sole reading public—she was indeed my everything—my patient verb-and-noun hearer to the hundredth time—she loved Latin for my sake—all the better that she knew not one word of it. She was, besides, my apologizer-general, my sick-nurse, my stockinger-mender, my button-stitcher, my all in all."

I had never heard Ashton say tenth part so much about himself. He relapsed into silence for a half hour; and as we turned an angle of the road which had latterly led down a broad open valley, again said, as if he had not paused—"And yonder is our parsonage—'tis a little old place—but is it not pretty?"

I would have bit my own tongue rather than have denied that it was; but in truth I did not need to tax my sincerity. The cottage, or rather the cluster of cottages, inhabited by the Curate of Nunsbrooke, had all the beauty which follows the wants, the industry, and the enjoyments of humble and useful life. We had now left the open valley, and struck off at right angles into the small circular vale which at every step grew closer and more crowded with the simple, common, and characteristic features of an English landscape. A hundred and a hundred such sweet, retired, rural scenes may be found in the bosom of England—but is the single wild flower which we cull the less sweet that tens of thousands of its kind are springing in the same meadow?

Twilight was deepening fast, and I could not minutely discern all the details of the scenery; besides, my attention was given to my friend, who became absolutely loquacious. From the moment he told me that the slip of rivulet that twined and glimmered in the twilight by our

path was an admirable trout-
stream, and pointed out the copse
where he had found his first bird's
nest, I felt that I possessed the con-
fidence of Richard Ashton. I am
certain there is not a man in ten
thousand in whom he would have
reposed the same trust. "I see
there is fire in my mother's room,"
said he; "she will be for a long
gossip with Marianne and Alice to-
night, and will fear damp for her
Cockney grandchildren, which she
never dreaded for her own children.
Fire in the parlour too, at this sea-
son! Here are extravagant doings—
but it is Saturday evening—my fa-
ther, even in his hardest working
days, allowed himself a pipe and a
newspaper on Saturday."

"And was such indulgence so
rare?"

"My father reared and sent eight
of us into the world well-educated
men and women, on an income
which for many years did not exceed
twenty-five pounds. Even yet it
falls short of fifty. He knows the
value of money, of everything
else; but he never would accept of
any charge which might lead him
from his people.—Both my parents
are of this parish."

I led my friend into his father's
history. He felt a manly and honest
pride in relating it; and well he
might. I soon learned that the cu-
rate of Nunsbrooke was no ordinary
man; and I afterwards found that I
had not overrated him. He was a
person of competent learning, and of
strong intellect; and with much tem-
perate kindness of heart, possessed
inflexibility in principle and purpose
that might have ennobled a Stoic
philosopher. He indeed, as his son
had said, held every thing in heaven
and earth at its exact value. His
aged partner was not quite his coun-
terpart. She was inferior in mind;
and education was not for her day—
but they suited each other wonder-
fully well. She was most notable
and exemplary in all household mat-
ters—the tenderest of mothers and
the kindest of neighbours—one of

those happily-endowed humble be-
ings in whom "innocence is nature,
wisdom," who are better than they
know. Her motherly kindness tem-
pered the firmness of him whom
next to her God she revered,
which, but for this *anti-attrition*,
might at times have verged to sever-
ity. Both were the children of
small farmers in the parish; and the
only difference of their lives was,
that whereas he had been for a time
a servitor at Oxford, she had never
travelled ten miles beyond her own
or her father's cottage. In my sub-
sequent intercourse with the family,
I saw that both parents were held
in the tenderest veneration by all
their children, with this difference,
that a little story was sometimes
told, or a little joke hazarded by her
daughters, illustrative of their moth-
er's *bonhomie*, if I may unsex the
word for her sake; while the com-
manding intellect, and deep, and
acute discernment of life and charac-
ter, and of the complicated machine-
ry which sets their springs in motion,
possessed as it were intuitively by
the elder Richard Ashton, raised him
the more highly in the esteem of his
sons, the more their own knowledge
of the world ripened and extended.

I was both edified and amused by
the evident astonishment and serious
disapprobation of the ancient and
venerable matron, on witnessing how
lightly, as it seemed to her, the yoke
of matrimony sat on her eldest
daughter, who, though with perfect
gaiety and good-humour, not only
avowed opinions different from her
husband's, but appeared to have a
decided will of her own. To old
Mrs. Ashton, her husband had ever
been almost in God's stead. This
slackening of the bonds of conjugal
discipline—this irreverence for the
holiest earthly authority, appeared to
shock her whole nature as much as
so calm a nature could be unhinged
by anything; and though both hus-
bands and wives tried to reconcile
her to what she conceived a breach
of duty and decency, I have no
doubt that she seriously lectured her

children apart, and made this offence the subject of her secret prayers. "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord," was a precept to which her whole spirit bowed; and the only thing, I was told, that ever made her for a few hours now and then unpopular among the female parishioners, was the uncompromising strictness with which, in all cases of domestic dissension, she enforced the doctrine of implicit conjugal obedience.

But I have outstripped the regular course of my story. As I knew that the small parsonage would be swarming like a bee-hive from kitchen to attic with daughters and grandchildren, I established myself for the night at the Rose, the neat rural inn, in which my friend's introduction procured an attention to my few expressed wants and large supposed wishes, to which as a chance guest even my purse gave me no claim. Richard Ashton was not a man of apologies; but I was forced to check him as he began to mumble about my not finding things so suitable, &c. &c. Is it not hard, that because a man has had the misfortune to be baked and broiled half his life, he must be set down as a sensual, self-indulging, vain-glorious voluptuary for the remainder of it? Yet I do plead guilty; and a man must have lived for thirty years in India, and been just off a five months' voyage, to understand the luxury which it was to loll in the crisp refreshing sheets, washed in the cool streams, and dried on the cuckoo-buds and lady-smocks of the meadows of England. I had hardly yet got rid of the rocking sensation of the ship; and this being but my second night on shore, I slept as a landsman does when he once more gains firm earth. On the former day, when walking, my very toes grasped the ground, as if each were a feeler. I clung to it with my feet, and planted them on land like the seahorse climbing an ice-berg.

I was literally awakened in the morning by the sweet chime of the

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Sabbath-bells—not the loud peal intended to startle the dull heart of great cities—nor yet the sonorous sound of the old consecrated bells, which my host told me were once known in this vale, and of which the ringing diverted the thunder-storm, and drove away the devil—but the "still small voice," whispering a gentle and holy summons to prayer and praise. I started hastily up, and, like all strangers, advanced to my window. The prospect was now fully revealed. The grey serene of the sky harmonized finely with the Sabbath-stillness that breathed over the valley. It was neither bold nor rich, but it was enchantingly soft, and what at the time was to me more precious, it was purely and delightfully English; not indeed a scene of wealthy, powerful, commercial England—though her mighty heart and the right arm of her strength were visible even here—but a confined home-view of rural England, Old England, Merry England! with her strong virtues, her primitive manners, and *Old Usages*.

The chapel where my friend's father had so long officiated, stood on an elevated curvature by the side of the stream, and about the centre of the vale, which, as I have said, broke upwards from a wider and richer valley. It was a very humble edifice, and of dimensions much under those of the Gothic structures, whose open stone-work towers, or tapering spires, form so frequent and interesting a feature in the rich landscape of cultivated England. But this little chapel was not the less the pole-star of the vale of Nunsbrooke; and time and holy feelings, which had gathered around it and given it sanctity, left it not destitute of beauty. It had its garland of aged trees—elm, and ash, and monumental yews; and the tracery of wild creepers on the walls, and the streamers of ivy floating from the roof, assorted better with the humble structure, than elaborate architectural ornaments would have done. The parsonage and its adjoining offices stood

about a bow-shot off on the same willowed rivulet, which, between the church and it, widened into a translucent pool, so closely clipped in with alders and osiers, that as their tremulous shadows diffused themselves over its smooth surface, it glistened with a cool emerald tinge which sent freshness into my very soul. A small footpath—a *via sacra*—led from the Curate's dwelling through his strip of glebe land to the chapel. There were many other pathways of lazy curve, lying like brown net-work on the green meadows, leading from the surrounding home-steads to this common centre. A rustic foot-bridge, which, however, I saw a privileged donkey or two occasionally crossing, spanned the stream, and united the sides of the vale.

Along each of those natural paths, as well as by the regular road, there were now advancing gaffers and gamblers—comely matrons, and stout yeomen, whose limbs showed “the mettle of their pasture,” “lasses and their shepherd grooms,” with children of all sizes, and a few younglings indulged in church-going in reverence of *Mothering Sunday*. The concourse of people was greater than ordinary; for this was a day consecrated to the domestic affections, in every household of the parish. The son of my hostess had come from Birmingham, she told me; and every young girl of the parish made it a condition of her servitude, that she should be allowed to visit home on this day. It was the “Feast of Tabernacles” in Nunsbrooke.

I was distressed to find that the service had commenced ere I reached the church; for Richard Ashton in the house of God tarried no man's presence. I expected to see no common place priest—nor was I disappointed. The curate, though not tall, inclined to that stature. He looked not more than sixty, though I knew he was ten years older—with dark and high features, rather manly than mild. The expansive and wrinkled

brow and bald polished head, were remarkably fine—the lower part of the face was rather massive than well-formed. Yet what was the mere assemblage of features to that solemn and placid steadfastness—that unimpassioned fixity of look, which indicates the high-concentrated mental firmness and unity of purpose, which is the rarest and most excelling faculty of the human soul! All this power was at this moment bent to devotion. Mr. Ashton went through the church service with more energy than tutored elegance. There was even a relishing quaintness in his manner, but there were also the same fervent solemnity and earnestness as if he now performed this sacred office for the first time. To his devout energy what were the cold artificial graces of elocution! The voice of their pastor was neither soft nor melodious, but its accustomed tones thrilled to the hearts and consciences of his flock—and that was enough.

By certain understood signs I had already guessed that the sacrament of the Supper of our Lord was on this day to be administered, under circumstances which, to my feelings, rendered this, the most solemn mystery of the Christian worship, doubly affecting. It was very long since I had witnessed the celebration of any ordinance of Christianity, save the frigid routine of mumbling the Liturgy, which might occasionally be witnessed at my remote and almost Pagan Indian station. The priest took his place by the altar—there was a little stir among the people, but not more than the softest pater of the April shower on the first forest leaves; and the family of my friend, separating from the other worshippers, and forming into one group, advanced by themselves to the altar, where their common father stood ready to administer the sacred ordinance. Kneeling there was the mother, with her two married and two unmarried daughters, a very fair young girl, the daughter of the eldest son, three sons, and two sons-in-law.

With a fine instinctive feeling of delicacy, no other communicant approached the altar at this time. The truly apostolic and venerable man stood there "in the midst of the children whom God had given him,"—"he and his house vowed to serve the Lord." The sublime communion service of the church, its solemn warnings, and "comfortable words," had never to me appeared half so beautiful and emphatic, as now when celebrated by a good old man, invested with the most sacred of human characters—the father and the priest. During the passing of this holy mystery, I think there were more eyes glistening than mine.

At the conclusion of the service I was joined by my friend, and introduced in the church-porch to his mother, his favourite sister Marianne, and a competent number of the scattered brood who had this day flown back to the shelter of the parent wing. I could not—I would not refuse their hearty invitation to join the family festival, though at first I felt like an intermeddler with their joys. Nothing could exceed the comfort of the feast, save the happiness of the guests; nor had the regular routine of the household, in its plain diet and plainer service, been much departed from. Some of the members of the family, I afterwards understood, with incomes twenty times larger than that of the Curate of Nunsbrooke, had naturally given in to modes of life very different from the frugal simplicity of their early home; but on this day no fashionable airs were displayed—no luxury of accommodation was missed; and if their ways of life were somewhat changed, I think their spirits were still temperate, their hearts sound—and, so far from feeling shame of their father's respected poverty, glowing with a healthful pride in his virtues. When our venerable host left us, which he did early, I joined the females, heard the married sisters comparing notes about the growth, likenesses and abilities of their children, and more co-

vertly shewing or exchanging small articles of dress, receiving counsel from their mother on proper modes of treatment for the children, of which the theory was simplicity, the practice herbs. In short, there was a quiet but constant and copious interchange of mingled thought and chat, kindly, serious, or frivolous, as it might be—if the genuine, confiding overflow of affectionate hearts can ever be called frivolous. I felt that my absence would not be marked, and retired.

I afterwards, in a twilight saunter by the brook, met my friend with his favourite sister, and her husband, who good-humouredly proposed joining me. "I must give Marianne an opportunity to tell Richard all her secrets," said he, "and afterwards I shall learn all his from Marianne."

I set out from Nunsbrooke early next morning in company with this gentleman, who left his wife to spend a few more days with her sisters and mother. We travelled to Liverpool together; and I was much pleased with the pride he seemed to have in his wife's family, and his affection for every member of it, especially for his friend Richard. They had when youths been for some years in the same counting-house. Nor did I think a whit the less of his understanding, for the close resemblance which he supposed between the fair young girl and her aunt, his own plain, but affectionate and sprightly Marianne.

I have not visited Nunsbrooke since, and probably I shall never see it again—but I know that it exists: nor have I met any of the family, though in the medley of life I have often heard of their names. Some of them are now highly prosperous mercantile people; others have had adverse fortune; but their father's clear strong judgment, and pure principles, have descended to them all, their unalienable and best inheritance. When in the gay world I occasionally find my comfortable income too limited for my imaginary wants, or

am suffering at the same time under an east wind, and a grand assault of blue devils, trying to carry my mind by a *coup-de-main*, I think of the valley of Nunsbrooke, and of all of good

and gracious that is around its quiet stream. How can I forget it!

"The immortal memory of one happy day
Lingers upon its marge."

EUSTACE FITZ-HERBERT.

"YOU'LL marry him."

"Indeed I will not."

"Make no rash protestations, Emily; mind what I say; you will marry him."

"What! marry a wild, impetuous, giddy, headstrong—"

"Young man, who loves you, and whom you love."

"Pshaw! I don't love him; or if I did, I wouldn't marry him."

"Yes, you would."

"Well, it is no use arguing with you; I give up the point."

"Yes, because it is untenable."

This dialogue took place between two cousins, Emily Rivers, and Amelia Fitz-Herbert, as they passed from their chamber to the breakfast-room, at Reche Castle, the seat of Emily's father; where Amelia, with her mother and brother—the young gentleman who was the subject of the colloquy between the ladies—were paying a visit, which was now drawing towards its conclusion. This information will enable my readers to appropriate to each speaker her proper part in the foregoing conversation; and also prepare them for the introduction of Eustace Fitz-Herbert, who met the cousins at the entrance of the splendid saloon; and, taking an arm of each, led them to the table, where Colonel Rivers, his lady, and Mrs. Fitz Herbert, were already seated.

"Good-morrow, uncle;" said the gay youth: "your expressive countenance tells me that you are offended; and I suspect that old Glossin—"

"Sir!" said Colonel Rivers, with a voice that made the ladies start, but which did not in the least appal Eustace.

"Well, well, uncle; Mr. Jones,

then; but upon my honour he so reminds me of that rascally lawyer, Gilbert Glossin, in Sir Walter's admirable romance of Guy Mannering, that—"

"Sir!" interrupted the Colonel, still more sternly, "if you have any thing to say to me, I would thank you to let it be in the language of truth, and not of romance; and I would also beg of you to cast no reflections upon my worthy steward, Mr. Jones."

"Well, well, uncle; I have nearly done. I was merely about to say, that I suspect the devil, in the person of Mr. Jones" (a terrific scowl from the Colonel, but Eustace proceeded) "has been instilling poison into your ears against me; and I have therefore brought two angels to plead in my behalf. Say, Emily—say, Amelia," (turning to the ladies) "will you not speak a few words in favour of a poor culprit; you will not surely suffer him to be accused, tried, convicted, sentenced, executed, and heard afterwards?"

"Sit down to breakfast, Sir," said the Colonel; "and let us have no more of this foolery. In an hour I shall wish to see you in my library."

Eustace bowed assent, and the party took their seats; but the meal went heavily off; all conversation seemed effectually put a stop to: the Colonel looked at a newspaper, but his mind was evidently too much disturbed to permit him to take cognizance of its contents; the ladies sipped their chocolate in silence; and although Eustace essayed to draw them out, chilling monosyllables were the only replies his efforts could extract from any of the party. The unsocial meal concluded, he

rose, and said, "Upon my word a most agreeable morning I have had of it: uncle, your servant; ladies, adieu! I shall saunter on the lawn till the appointed hour, and then for the library!" Making a graceful bow to the circle, he left the room. Emily's eyes filled with tears as the door closed upon him, for she *did* love her cousin dearly; and justly feared that there must be something *very particular* to excite her father's anger in so great a degree; and to induce him to command her, as he had done, to transfer her affections from Eustace to another. Whatever it was, she dreaded the result of the meeting in the library, as the apparent *nonchalance* of Eustace was calculated only still more to inflame and irritate her father. Nor were the other ladies much less concerned: to Mrs. Rivers he had endeared himself by a thousand acts of kindness and delicate attention, which when paid by young men to those ladies who have passed the hey-day of life, are so pleasing to the objects of them; whilst his mother and sister absolutely doted upon him; for, as a son and a brother, he was every thing that could be wished. They knew him to be thoughtless and headstrong; wild and impetuous in his conduct—but his breast appeared the seat of honour; and conjecture afforded no clue to the cause of Colonel Rivers's displeasure. Knowing the inflexible temper of that gentleman, however, not one of them dared to open her lips upon the subject; and he sat, apparently the prey of no pleasant reflections, till the hour had expired, when, with true military punctuality, he rose and repaired to the library.

He found Eustace there before him; for that young man, careless and indifferent as he had appeared before his mother and sister, was eager to hear the accusations his uncle had to bring against him; and his heart throbbed with anguish, to which his pride prevented him from giving vent, at the thought that Eustace Fitz-Herbert's name should be

coupled with dishonour, in the mind of that beloved and respected relative: beloved for his own sake; for though stern and inflexible, Colonel Rivers was gifted with every quality capable of inspiring attachment in a young and ardent breast, like that of Eustace; and still more tenderly esteemed as the father of her, who was to Eustace dearer than the life-blood which now flowed tumultuously through his veins. The Colonel regarded him with a look in which anger and affection were visibly blended, and struggling for the mastery; and in a voice trembling with his emotions he desired him to be seated. Eustace placed a chair for his uncle, saying—"Pardon me, Sir; I cannot be seated in your presence till I have proved myself not unworthy to appear in it. I scorn, Sir, to ask for favour: I will not appeal to your affection, though the loss of it is more afflicting than any deprivation that could possibly assail me: I ask only for justice; and uncle, I do implore you, to inform me candidly of all that malice and malignity have invented to lower me in your estimation. Let me know of what I am accused—conceal nothing—so shall I be able to meet my enemies; and I trust unmask them, to their confusion and my triumph."

"Eustace," said the Colonel, "you are no stranger to the love I once bore you; nay, as these tears, wrung from a soldier's eyes, too well prove how I love you still, though too fatally convinced that you are unworthy of my affection. You know, too, that I had fondly contemplated your union with my Emily, and had looked upon the son of my beloved sister as the heir of my honours and my fortune. How, then, must my heart bleed, when I find the man on whom I had lavished my fondness, and whom I had destined to be the husband of my daughter, to be unworthy my regard; to be an alien to honour—a disgrace to his family and to his name."

"Uncle, these are harsh expres-

sions : from no one but you would I tamely bear them ; and you may form some idea of the strength of my affection—of my filial reverence for your person—when I subdue my rising passions, and calmly bid you to—proceed.” This was uttered in a half-choaked voice, which at once evinced the difficulty Eustace sustained in obtaining this mastery over himself, and the anguish which he felt at the accusations brought against him by Colonel Rivers.

“ Young man,” continued the Colonel, “ howsoever harsh my expressions, they are such as you have entitled every man of honour to address to you—”

“ No ! No ! Indeed, indeed, I have not.”

“ Silence, Sir ! do not interrupt me any more. Is it not true that you have lost large sums at the gaming table ? Is it not true that you endeavoured to retrieve them by cheating and kuavery, and that you were compelled to sell your commission, to prevent an ignominious expulsion from your regiment ? Is it not true, that, whilst deceiving my Emily with your vows of pretended affection—”

“ Pretended ! Oh heaven !”

“ You were paying your addresses to the daughter of my bitterest foe—the man I have most cause to dislike, and to despise ; and worse than all, have you not returned to your paternal home a bankrupt in fortune and in fame—and have you not there planned and executed the seduction of an innocent girl ; whom you have removed from her wretched parents—whose cries of distress and agony are yet wringing in my ears ?”

“ Villian—you have indeed caught me in your toils !” exclaimed the indignant Eustace, as his uncle ran through the catalogue of his offences ; “ but my dear and honoured uncle—and I would not thus address you, were I not innocent of all that is alleged against me—believe me you have been deceived : that villian Jones has imposed upon you, to

serve the purposes of another villain, more guilty than himself.”

“ Sir, dare not breathe a syllable against that worthy man. I have the evidences of your guilt, under your own hand, or I would not have believed it. Can you wonder now at my conduct ? Can you be surprised at my treating you with coolness and contempt ? Can you expect that I should still allow you to consider yourself the destined husband of Emily Rivers, the heir of my fortune ?”

“ For your fortune, Sir, I value it not : but Emily’s love is dearer to me than the universe ; and if I do not yet prove myself worthy of it—if I do not bring confusion upon those who have traduced and vilified me ; then, indeed, you may discard, renounce me. Little did I dream that such crimes would be laid to my charge : little did I think I should ever be accused of acts my soul revolts from.”

“ How ! dare you deny your guilt ?”

“ Deny it, uncle !—yes : and though the meshes are wound ingeniously around me—though a solemn promise binds me as to some transactions—and of others I cannot at present give a satisfactory explanation ; yet, on one point, my enemies have overshot the mark. They have dared to say I have sold my commission, to prevent being ignominiously expelled my regiment ; that letter of recall, Sir, will convince you this charge is a groundless, an atrocious falsehood ; and, surely, Sir, you will pause before you give credit to the rest of the ingenious fabrications, which have been retailed with a view to prejudice you against me, with what view I am at a loss to conjecture.”

Eustace placed a letter in his uncle’s hands, which the latter attentively perused. It was from the commanding officer of the dragoons, in which regiment he held a Captain’s commission, informing him, that he must join his troop at head quarters within an appointed time. It was couched in the language of

esteem ; and Colonel Rivers's countenance, as he returned it to his nephew, seemed to express a doubt, which the latter interpreted favourably to himself. He was again about to address himself to the Colonel, when the latter said—

"Young man, this letter convinces me that you have either been basely traduced, or that you have plunged even deeper in vice than I calculated upon. What will you say, when I tell you that *I* also have a letter from Colonel de Lacy, in which he informs me, that, for ungentlemanly and unofficerlike conduct you would have been brought to a court-martial, and cashiered, had you not disposed of your commission !"

"Impossible !"

"There is the letter, Sir."

"It is a vile and infamous forgery ; nor will I rest till I bring Colonel de Lacy himself before you to refute the base calumny on my character."

"Do that," said his uncle ; "and I shall indeed think you have been traduced. But, I charge you, seek not to see your cousin Emily before you depart : unless you acquit yourself of the offences laid to your charge, you have met for the last time."

"Sir," said Eustace, proudly, "as a disgraced and banished man I should scorn to present myself before my cousin ; nor will I return till I have procured sufficient evidence to clear my fame, and to prove to you that my honor is pure, and that I am unstained with guilt. Make what excuse you can for my absence to my mother and sister : and oh, Sir, do not think your nephew can be the wretch you have been taught to believe him."

Eustace grasped his uncle's hand, and shaking it convulsively, left the room. In a very few minutes after Colonel Rivers saw him ride furiously down the avenue unattended ; and after sitting for a short time lost in thought, he rang the bell, and told the servant who appeared to send Mr. Jones to him.—This person shortly afterwards entered, with a

bundle of papers in his hand, and was proceeding to speak, when the Colonel interrupted him by saying,

"Now, Jones, Eustace has shewn me a letter from Colonel de Lacy quite incompatible with the idea of his being disgraced. It is one of recall ; and this, therefore, must be a forgery."

"Aye, my good Sir ; or the one of recall may have been fabricated to answer your nephew's purpose."

"Jones, beware ! you stand upon a precipice. My nephew has declared his innocence with such energy that I almost believe he will prove it. If he does, what am I to think of you ?"

"As the most devoted of your servants, one who to save you from being the dupe of an artful youth, has exposed himself to the task of ferreting out his vices, and of exposing his crimes. What motive can I have for defaming Mr. Fitz-Herbert ? The young man you have destined to be his successor—the gallant De Courcy, who preserved your daughter's life and honour at the hazard of his own—he is nothing to me ! Why, then, should I seek to blast your nephew's fortunes, that De Courcy may rise upon his ruin ?"

"Nay, I know not ; but of this be assured, that if Eustace proves his innocence, a dreadful scrutiny awaits your conduct ; so, once more, I say—beware."

With this warning Colonel Rivers motioned Jones from the room ; and when he was gone, he sat down to his desk, and began to peruse some letters which he took from a secret drawer, with great earnestness. In this occupation we will leave him, and change the scene to the servant's hall, where the following conversation took place, about the same period that Jones was attending his master in the library.

"Where is young master Eustace gone to, so hastily ?" inquired Mary Bloomer, a smart waiting-maid, as she was adjusting her cap in a large glass which hung over the dresser. "Where can he be riding to so fast :

it would seem as if it were a matter of life or death?"

"Aye, George, tell us where your master is gone too, wil't e'e?" said John, the footman, to Eustace's servant, who entered the hall, as Mary Bloomer finished her question.

"Nay, that's more than I know," replied George, "he refused to say anything, or to let me accompany him; but he said he should be back to-morrow, to the confusion of his enemies."

"Enemies!" screamed out Mrs. Booth, the housekeeper, "who can be the enemy of such a nice young gentleman?"

"Oh! he's many enemies, I am afraid," said John, "and I strongly suspect Mr. Jones is one. I overheard him one day abusing him to master; and I know the Colonel has for a long time been very cross with Mr. Eustace."

"I say, John, what does that ugly fellow do in Mr. Jones's room?" inquired Mary Bloomer. "Look, there he sneaks under the wall, to get there the back way, as we saw him stealing away one night, in the same manner!"

As she spoke, Mary pointed to the wall that skirted the court-yard into which the windows of one end of the hall looked. A row of trees, forming an arched walk, ran parallel with this wall; and creeping along, behind these trees, was seen the figure of a man who evidently wished to avoid observation. Though only partially seen, and that at intervals, Mary persisted that he was the same person she and Mrs. Booth encountered a few evenings since, emerging from the steward's room, and who started "like a guilty thing," when he found he was observed. Various conjectures were formed as to the motive which prompted this man, whoever he was, thus to steal into the castle, instead of coming openly and boldly to inquire for Jones, with whom his business appeared to be. George declared, if he thought he had any connexion with Mr. Eustace's disgrace, he would seize him

as he returned, and carry him before the Colonel."

"Can't you go into my room, and overhear what he is really talking about?" inquired Mrs. Booth.

"What, become a spy, an eaves-dropper?" said George, "no, there's something too dishonorable in that."

"Why, if Mr. Eustace is not mentioned, you can return; and if he is, it's your duty to do all in your power to serve your master."

"Let a woman alone for finding a good reason for doing a thing when her curiosity is concerned," replied George; "but as there certainly is reason in what you say, why I do not care if I do go. John, do you go with me."

"Oh, we'll all go!" exclaimed Mrs. Booth, and Mary Bloomer, and away they went to the apartment of the former, which adjoined that of Mr. Jones; and a closet that had formerly opened into the latter, but the door of which was now papered up, afforded the quartetto an ample place for concealment, and every facility of hearing what took place in the steward's apartment.

Jones was pacing his room in no very enviable frame of mind, when three taps, low and distinct, were heard on his door. He opened it with visible perturbation, and seemed by no means pleased at the sight of the intruder, who was no other than the person the servants had seen stealing through the court-yard.

"Stephens! you here!" he exclaimed, "what madness to venture here at this time of the day; so soon, too, after those prying busy-bodies, Mrs. Booth and Mary Bloomer, detected you leaving my apartment."

"Why, I tell you what, Mr. Jones," replied the person addressed, "I begin to be tired of coming here at all; we are engaged in a bad cause—it can't prosper; and unless you pay me better, why I shall unfold to Colonel Rivers all your plots and plans against his nephew."

"You wil, will you, rascal? but,

have a care ; your fortunes are bound up with mine ; and, unless you stand firm to the last, you fall with me. The same vengeance that overtakes me shall fall on you."

"Why, as to that, Master Jones, I think Colonel Rivers will be too glad to find his nephew innocent of all the crimes you have laid to his charge ; and to learn that it is your machinations that have thrown around him the appearance of guilt, to take very harsh measures with the man who exposes your villany, though he was himself, for some time, an actor in it."

"Why, surely, Stephens, after all that has passed, when my plans are all nearly completed—nay, when they would have been all completed—if I could only have kept the Colonel from entering in this unlucky explanation with his nephew—would you desert me ? You whom I have fed, clothed, paid—"

"Aye, to serve your own purposes—not mine. So, the Colonel has entered into an explanation with his nephew, has he ? All's blown, then ; and yet you want me to remain an adherent to your desperate fortunes !"

"All is *not* blown, as you call it. But Colonel Rivers, whom I had hitherto persuaded to be silent to his nephew with respect to the crimes of which I have accused him, under pretence, that any direct charge would put Eustace upon his guard, and prevent the procuring of evidence sufficient to establish his guilt, has this morning told him of what he stands accused ; and he is now set off to bring Colonel de Lacy here, whose presence will completely upset one part of our scheme ; and too probably render abortive all my plans. If I could only have persuaded him to sign these papers first, I should have laughed to scorn all he could then have done to avert his fate. My revenge would have been complete."

"And if De Lacy's coming will cause an exposure without my means,

then, indeed *I* may suffer as well as you : but here's to the Colonel."

"But what reason is there, that De Lacy should ever reach Roche Castle ? And then all our plans are secure, and you shall revel in wealth and splendour."

"Why, what mean you ?"

"Aye, villain, what mean you ?" exclaimed George, bursting through the door of the closet in which he had lain concealed, and rushing up to Jones, whom he collared, whilst the other servants secured his companions. "What mean you, villain, to add murder to your other iniquities ? But you shall with me to the Colonel. Oh ! I rejoice that my young master's innocence will be made apparent."

In vain were the entreaties of the villain, who was now caught in his own toils. The indignant domestics conveyed him and Stephens to the library, where the Colonel still remained ; and having told their tale, Stephens, the associate of Jones in crime, detailed the devices by which the fair fame of Eustace had been assailed. But as he could not explain some of the connecting links in the chain of evidence, his narrative shall be discarded, and the story told in our own words.

The mother of Eustace Fitz-Herbert and Colonel Rivers were brother and sister ; and, amongst the intimate friends of the former were George and Henry Fitz-Herbert : the former the son of a gentleman of ancient family and extensive property ; the latter a cousin, whom the elder Fitz-Herbert had adopted on the death of his parents, and who received the same advantages as his own son, with regard to his education, and the furtherance of his prospects in life. The tempers of the two cousins were as different as their persons. George was a model of manly beauty, and his temper was open and generous : his heart the seat of every virtue. Henry possessed none of the personal advantages which distinguished his cousin ;

his temper was haughty and reserved; and the baleful passions of envy and malignity rankled at his heart. His duplicity, however, concealed their workings, and enabled him to impose upon the unsuspecting dispositions of his cousin and his friend, who thought him every thing that was good, and honourable, and just. Both cousins admired the sister of their friend; both sighed in secret to obtain, what each considered the greatest good the world could give, her affection. The lovely Amelia felt a corresponding inclination for George, who was also favoured by her brother: he soon became her accepted lover—her affianced husband. Henry, enraged at the rejection of his suit by Amelia, and by the refusal of her brother to influence her in his behalf—and burning with envy at George's superior fortune, retired, breathing vengeance.

During the lifetime of his cousin, he found himself unable to carry any of his nefarious schemes into practice. He had married, soon after the union of George and Miss Rivers, a woman with only the solitary recommendation of money. She died, however, in little more than a twelvemonth, in giving birth to a son. With this son he removed into a distant part of the country, leaving behind him a trusty agent—Stephens, who has already been introduced to the reader—to watch the motions of his cousin and Colonel Rivers, and to send him intelligence respecting them. Various were the plans concerted by these worthies, to disturb the harmony which reigned between the families; but they all failed, and the wretched Henry—wretched because carrying within his bosom the perpetual thorn of discontent and envy—was left to brood upon his disappointed hopes, his blighted love.

Thus passed the time till the education of Eustace Fitz-Herbert was completed, and he embraced the profession of a soldier—that profession in which his father and uncle had acquired honour, and in performing the duties of which, the for-

mer fell at the battle of Waterloo, two years after Eustace had entered the army. At the return of peace, the regiments to which Eustace and his uncle respectively belonged were ordered to England; and the latter retired from active life, to spend the evening of his days in the bosom of his family and friends; whilst the latter went into quarters at the town of —, where he soon became a favourite with all classes.

Soon after the regiment had been established at —, Eustace obtained leave of absence to pay a visit to his uncle. Here he found the lovely Emily just budding into womanhood; and then that affection was first contracted, which every succeeding interview served to increase. He found, also, a Mr. Jones established at Roche castle as the steward, in place of the worthy old man who had filled that office during the lifetime of Colonel Rivers's father, and till within a short time of the period of Eustace's visits, where he paid the debt of nature. Eustace felt an undefinable antipathy to Mr. Jones; and he fancied that that person regarded him with a scowl of peculiar malignity. On this occasion his visit was short, as he longed to spend a few weeks with his widowed mother; but he left Roche castle with a heaviness at his heart, that he had never before experienced.

When he rejoined his regiment, he found another Eustace Fitz-Herbert had obtained a commission in the *corps*, and who introduced himself to him as the son of his father's cousin—Henry. The two young men soon became intimate friends. Our hero was, however, persuaded to give a solemn promise to conceal the existence of his new-found relative from his uncle, through a plausible tale told him of the enmity entertained by the latter against Henry Fitz-Herbert. To this silence Eustace owed all his subsequent misery. On each succeeding visit to the castle, he found his reception from his uncle colder, but for what reason he found it impossible to account. The reader, however, will be at no loss

to imagine the cause, when informed, that all the offences with which our hero was charged, had, in reality, been committed by his cousin; whilst the abused ear of the Colonel was deceived with the belief that he was the culprit.

A few weeks previously to the time at which this tale opened, Eustace had been persuaded by his cousin to accompany him to a gaming-table. No persuasions, however, could induce him to play for a larger sum than he happened to have in his pocket, which, having lost, he discontinued playing. Not so, his cousin, who, the evening before, had lost more than he could by any possibility pay: he now played desperately, and was soon a winner of large sums; but one of his antagonists, an officer in the same regiment, detected him, towards the close of the evening, in secreting a card; an exposure followed, and he was compelled to sell his commission, to avoid worse consequences. Out of compassion to Eustace, the circumstances were as much as possible hushed up. Again, before his cousin left, he was induced, by his frantic entreaties, to pledge himself to secrecy, especially to Colonel Rivers, on the subject of his disgrace.

The same week that this affair happened, as Emily Rivers was returning one evening from a visit she had made to an infirm cottager in the village, she was assaulted by a masked ruffian, just at the entrance of the park. At the instant, a young officer darted from the high road, struck him to the earth, and sustained the fainting Emily in his arms. The villain, stunned, but not disabled by the blow, soon recovered so far as to be able to make his escape. When Emily revived, her deliverer accompanied her to the castle, where the Colonel and his lady overwhelmed him with thanks, and insisted upon his favouring them with his company whilst he remained in the neighbourhood; to which he professed to have been attracted by a desire to

view the romantic scenery with which it abounded. The next day he accordingly removed to the castle; and in a short time he so ingratiated himself with both the Colonel and his lady, that he ventured to solicit permission to address the fair Emily. Colonel Rivers had that very morning been informed by Jones, that his nephew was addressing the daughter of Sir Bellingham Barnett, almost the only enemy he ever had, and that he had seduced the daughter of one of the Colonel's tenants who had disappeared. Enraged at such iniquity, he granted to his visitor the required permission. He even declared his intention to revoke a will made in favour of Eustace and his daughter; and to settle his fortune upon the latter and De Courcy.

Emily, however, refused to transfer her affections from Eustace to his rival; and at her earnest entreaty the former was again invited, with his mother and sister, to the castle, to afford him an opportunity of explanation. Warned by Emily, that Jones was the enemy who had poisoned the Colonel's ear against him, Eustace watched him narrowly, but was unable to detect aught that could lead either to a knowledge of what particular offences were laid to his charge, or of the motives which prompted Jones to persecute and traduce him. The explanation of his uncle, at length, gave him a clue to the mystery. He at once regarded Jones as a tool of his cousin; and though he still felt himself bound by his promise of secrecy, he felt assured that the arrival of Colonel de Lacy would at once exculpate him, and probably lead to the detection of the real offender.

On his arrival with the Colonel he found the discovery already made:—Jones stood before him as Henry Fitz-Herbert, the father of his namesake and disgraced relative; whilst De Courcy proved to be that individual, whose rescue of Emily was a planned scheme, the ruffian who assailed her having been no other than

Stéphens. Their expulsion from the castle was the immediate result.

It need scarcely be added; that Colonel Rivers was impatient to make atonement to his nephew for the unjust suspicions he had been led to entertain; and that, in the hand of Emily, Eustace received a

treasure which he prized beyond all the riches of the earth. In what became of his unhappy relatives, none can feel an interest; their machinations never again had the effect of blasting the happiness of Eustace and Emily.

THE WEE MAN.

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo ! a man of dwarfish span
Came up and hail'd the boat.

" Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in ?
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin ;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim ;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went
More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too !

And lo ! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space !

For five ! for four ! for three ! not more
Than two could find a place !

There was not even room for one !
They crowded by degrees—
Aye, closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogg'ing knees.

" Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in !"
Without a word he gravely stirr'd
Another seat to win.

" Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee !"
With smiling face and courteous grace
The middle seat took he.

But still by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbor wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord ! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in ;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
" I' the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what ?"

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—

" When first I came my proper name
Was *Little*—now I'm *Moore* !"

FAREWELL.

WE'VE parted for the longest time we ever yet did part
And I have felt the last wild throb of that enduring heart :
Thy cold and tear-wet cheek has lain for the last time to mine,
And I have pressed in agony those trembling lips of thine.

As thy fond arms around me twined in that most sad embrace,
I could not trust my eyes to dwell upon thy anguished face ;
But oh ! I felt the burning tear, as it rolled down thy cheek,
And thy deep silence told me more than angels' tongues could speak.

I could not say *Farewell* to thee—that word I could not say,
But mutely did I bless thee, as I tore myself away ;
And like the lingering scent of flowers, when bright hues disappear,
Thy last kiss still is on my lip, thy last sigh on my ear.

ON THE TREATMENT OF PAUPER LUNATICS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE great cause of the improper treatment of the insane, arises in a great measure from a notion that they are not curable, that being once insane, they will remain so through life; and from this it is thought, that to dispose of them in the cheapest way is perfectly justifiable. Even our legislators and magistrates seem to carry their ideas of humanity towards pauper lunatics no higher than the making them comfortable in a state of confinement; and hence the great number of large institutions for the safe incarceration of lunatics, with not one hospital upon rational principles for the cure, as a public measure.

That an opinion of the incurable nature of insanity, the offspring of superstitious ignorance and prejudice should prevail in our land, is to me surprising. More than fifty years ago I was strongly impressed with the importance of the timely use of the curative means for this disease, with great confidence in their success, if applied while in its incipient or recent state; and subsequent information and practice have much confirmed that confidence, and this not by any wonderful charm, or secret nostrum, but by means which common sense might suggest, and which were, it is supposed, well known and practised more than two thousand years ago.

Unfortunately, delay alone will often render insanity incurable; this, no doubt, arises from the power of habit on the functions of thought; and there is nothing, as I believe, of an incurable nature in the mental character of the disease, but what arises from the power of habit; and hence the great importance of the early application of the best medical and moral means of cure.

Admitting that the best curative means for the insane require the constant attendance of a person quite competent in the medical and moral

treatment, the expense would be trifling as a public measure for the cure, in comparison of the expense of keeping incurables through the average term of life; to say nothing of the obligations of humanity. Ten or twelve pounds extra expense for each patient would procure the best means of cure, while, from the treatment which prevails, thousands do not recover, who might have recovered under the best means; and the average cost of incurable pauper lunatics to their respective parishes, cannot be calculated at less than three hundred pounds each.

It is clearly obvious, that in whatever relates to the dreadful malady of insanity, the very best means of recovery from it, should be the leading object.—But it is impossible to devise a law more calculated to *prevent* recovery than the county asylum law. In the first place, it entirely puts an end to private medical practice for pauper lunatics, under which one half at least would recover before the power of habit had confirmed the disease. It is the cause of delay in the application of any curative means; and delay alone, as I have said before, is often fatal to recovery, even when the best means are afterwards resorted to. And the removal of a lunatic patient to a large prison-like madhouse, is calculated to excite those horrid feelings and imaginations, which may, and often do, fix the hallucinations of the disease past all chance of removal. And at last, what are the superior medical and moral means of recovery practised in these large public asylums, and what is the comparative success in any of them?

A few days ago I had at my house the physician to one of the largest, and, as it is said, best appointed county asylums in the kingdom; and he told me that they had no medical practice in reference to the mental

complaint, and that the proportion of cures was about one out of ten, of all the cases. Now, I will venture to assert, that, if there had been no such asylum in existence, six out of ten of the same patients would have recovered under the care of their respective parish apothecaries, and under all the disadvantage of remaining in their own families, or in their own parish workhouses. This asylum has accommodations for two hundred and fifty patients at a time; it is now always full of pauper patients, with numbers waiting for admission. Yet for a year or two at first, pauper patients were not to be found to fill one third of the building; but a less proportion of the fresh cases recovering than previously, there is now plenty to fill the whole, so that it may be said to "make the food it feeds upon."—Surely this asylum stands the lowest in the proportion of recoveries. Yet upon recollecting that in the reports of other public asylums great numbers have been stated as cured who were not cured, who were in fact no better upon returning to their former habits in life, and who had been discharged as recovered when only under a lucid interval; I have my doubts as to many being permanently recovered in any of them; and being too well assured that in numbers of our largest and most expensive public asylums, no curative means, either medical or moral, are practised, nature being entirely left to her own effort, and as close confinement is adverse to recovery, the efforts of nature are injured, and the chance of restoration is greatly diminished by admittance into these institutions.

As far as my knowledge goes, the common comforts of the inmates are well attended to in all or most of our public asylums; they are kept clean, and have plenty of food, and as receptacles for incurables, pauper lunatics, criminal lunatics, and dangerous idiots, they are highly to be commended; but as it is impossible to make them eligible for the purposes of cure, it is improper, nay culpable,

to monopolize the attempt to cure; yet this the county asylum law does. Common sense, as well as experience, strongly points out the propriety of separating as much as possible those under a curative process, from those deemed incurable; but the county asylum act unites them by law.

It is said that the medical profession have paid but little attention to mental complaints; and it is impossible that regular practitioners in medicine should do justice to the curative means, unless they were in every instance to turn keepers. Their most common error has been the treating the violent paroxysms of insanity as a local inflammatory affection, under the term *brain fever*, or *inflammation of the brain*, when the proper term would have been *nervous fever*. Inflammation of the brain is of rare occurrence, the cause recent, and it may generally be known, and it frequently terminates in a few days with the death of the patient. Its common symptoms are a hard wiry pulse, tremors, restless anxiety, repeating the same thing over and over, as if the memory was gone, blood-shot eyes, disorder in the senses of hearing and seeing, extreme timidity, a ready compliance with the wishes of the keeper, and absence of all rudeness; while noise, vindictiveness, extreme obstinacy, and rudeness, on the one hand, and settled despondency on the other, are sure indications of a morbid nervous excitement. And agreeing as I do with a celebrated medical lecturer, I feel confident that the nervous excitement, which may be stated as the cause of the mental aberrations called insanity, is decidedly owing to a want of healthy tone in the digestive and secretive functions. The first care of the medical attendant should be to remove these symptoms, and his next to prevent their return by a gentle but unremitting medical treatment. And he must not suspend his care for a lucid interval, several of which may be expected previous to permanent recovery. Mild tonics, and gentle

aperients, may be considered as indispensable, particularly in cases of melancholy and torpor; while all irritating stimulants and narcotics are to be as carefully avoided, as well as irritating operations of the surgeon. The food should be light and nourishing, and in quantity ample, so that the physical powers may be well supported.

Much, after all, depends upon a judicious and persevering moral treatment. The thoughts should be diverted as much as possible, by strong and rational, and pleasurable sensations; frequent out-door amusements and exercises are absolutely necessary. The cordial of hope should be unremittingly administered by the hand of humanity. Religion should offer her best consolations. Music should with her sweetest sounds take prisoner the captive ear. The patients should never be alone, but be as much as possible in the company of those who have a moral influence over them; but above all, the frequent sight of new and striking objects, has the best effect. Are all these practicable in large asylums, where three-fourths of the inmates are kept as incurable? Certainly not. It is sufficient, however, to say, that they never were, and never will be practised in any large institutions. In small hospitals they may be practised: and a hospital to accommodate say fifty at a time, to admit none but recent cases, and to keep none past a limited time, would be quite sufficient for all the fresh cases of poor lunatics to be found within the sound of St. Paul's bell; and who might be perfectly cured in the proportion of nine out of ten, instead of one out of ten.

For the honor of human nature, I do hope that the severe censures cast upon the keepers of private asylums for the insane, are many of them fabrications and slanders. Those, it is true, who lightly, and ignorant of its duties, voluntarily enter upon the responsibility of taking care of, and professing to cure, the insane, are highly culpable. But as many are

known to be respectable and well qualified, it may be presumed that a greater number are, than a censorious world is willing to allow. Indiscriminate censures on keepers of private asylums, are frequently used as an excuse for treating the lunatics much worse elsewhere,—cheapness being the real object; and their best efforts are often rendered useless by previous delay, on the improper treatment of those consigned to their care. And from this, and the very mistaken system of our public asylums being so very unfavourable to perfect recovery, the evils of insanity, it is thought, are greatly upon the increase; that is, there are a greater number of incurable lunatics in the land now, than there was some years back. This is, no doubt, the case in those counties that have established public asylums; and it must be so, from the system and the nature of the complaint. Some will recover in those institutions that have been established under the provisions of Mr. Wynn's act; for some will recover under any treatment, however preposterous: but it was not for these that a large public expense was incurred; it surely was for those requiring the best treatment; and while a much less number recover in our large public asylums than would recover if there were no such institutions, a public measure might furnish better means of cure than can be expected from private individuals. It is strange that in a matter of such deep interest to the feelings of humanity, the honour of the nation, and county economy, that so much of error should prevail.

More than thirty years ago Dr. Willis stated to a committee of the House of Commons, that, of those insane patients who were put under his care while the disease was recent, a proportion of nine out of ten recovered. A celebrated writer upon insanity endeavoured to invalidate that testimony, by insisting on its improbability, and yet he granted that about a third of the patients admitted at Bethlehem recovered; but I

should think it much more probable that nine out of ten should have recovered under the well-known treatment of Dr. Willis, than that three out of ten should have recovered either at Bethlehem or St. Luke's. And yet a public purse might provide the means of cure greatly superior to

any thing Dr. Willis did; for in addition to all he did, it might provide for the cure of insanity *gratis*, and this would secure plenty of patients, while the disease was recent.

T. BAKEWELL.

*Spring Vale, near Stone,
Staffordshire.*

THE DEVIL'S DREAM ON MOUNT AKSBECK.

BEYOND the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun;
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarr'd;
And high a grizzly Terror hung upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

'Twas not the obedient Seraph's form that burns before the Throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone;
With twists of faded glory mix'd, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaim'd the Infernal King.
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

Aloft he turn'd in middle air like falcon for his prey,
And bow'd to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud,—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
And sow'd the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam.
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbann'd train,
That far had push'd the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign.

With stooping pinion that outflung the Prophet's winged steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;
But prouder yet he turn'd alone and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn, as if the Arab swords had little help'd his will:
With scorn he look'd to west away, and left their train to die,
Like thing that had awak'd to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
For there in sad days of his flesh o'er Christ a glory came,
And light o'erflow'd him like a sea, and raised his shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds the Son of God avow.
One thought of this came o'er the fiend and raised his startled form;
And up he drew his swelling skirts as if to meet the storm.

With wing that stripp'd the dews and birds from off the boughs at night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirl'd with fierce distemper'd flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he track'd his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,
Yet look'd what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust ;
The feet were chain'd, and sorrow thrill'd throughout the sable bust.
The idol, and the idol's priest, he hail'd upon the earth,
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame—
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth, again he rode with might,
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white,
He closed at once his weary wing, and touch'd the shining hill,
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquer'd will ;
For sin had dull'd his native strength, and spoilt the holy law
Of impulse, whence th' Archangel forms their earnest being draw.

And sin had drunk his native light, since days of Heaven were by,
And long had care a shadow been in his proud immortal eye ;
Like little sparry pools that glimpse midst murk and haggard rocks,—
A spot of glory here and there his sadden'd aspect mocks ;
Like coast of barren darkness were its shadows and its light,
Lit by some far volcanic fire, and strew'd with wrecks of night.

In Nature's joy he felt fresh night blow on his fiery scars,
In proud regret he fought anew his early hapless wars.
From human misery lately seen, his malice yet would draw
A hope to blast one plan of God, and check sweet Mercy's law.
A long array of future years was stern Despair's control,
And deep these master passions wove the tempest of his soul.

O for the form in Heaven that bore the morn upon his brow !
Now, run to worse than mortal dross, that Lucifer must bow ;
And o'er him rose, from passion's strife, like spray-cloud from the deep,
A slumber,—not the cherub's soft and gauzy veil of sleep,
But like the thunder-cloud of noon, of grim and breathless gleam,
And God was still against his soul, to plague him with a dream.

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave
Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave.
A place of still and pictured life,—its roof was ebon air,
And blasted as with dim eclipse, the sun and moon were there.
It seem'd the grave of man's lost world,—of beauty caught by blight :
The dreamer knew the work he marr'd, and felt a fiend's delight.

The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storm was swung,
And high the thunder-fires of Heaven among its branches hung :
In drowsy heaps of feather shrunk, all fowls of Heaven were there ;
With heads for ever 'neath their wings, no more to rise in air.
From woods the forms of lions glared, and hasty tigers broke ;
The harness'd steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.

All creatures once of earth were there in death's last pallid stamp,
On Lethe's shore that by them shone like dull and glassy lamp.
O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless sway,
The silent river slowly crept, and lick'd them all away.
This is the place of God's first wrath—the mute creation's fall—
Earth marr'd—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.

Small joy to him that marr'd our world, for he is hurried on,
 And made, in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts his throne,
 Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,
 In which clear spirits of tinctur'd life career'd in prison'd wars;
 The soul is bow'd upon that lake where final fate is wrought,
 In meshes of eternal fire, o'er beings of moral thought.

Far off, upon the fire-burnt coast, some naked beings stood;
 And o'er them, like a stream of mist, the wrath was seen to brood
 At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his trembling wing,
 An Angel form, intent to shield his special suffering.
 And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break;
 Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the weltering lake.

And ever, as with grizzly gleam the crested waves came on,
 Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,
 Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear-purged by the flame,
 And sore the salted fires had wash'd the thin immortal frame;
 And backward, in sore agony, the being stripp'd its locks,
 As maiden, in her beauty's pride, her clasped tresses strokes.

High tumbling hills of glossy ore reel'd in the yellow smoke,
 As, shaded round the torrid land, their grizzly summits broke.
 Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,
 Till like a red bewilder'd map the skies were scribbled o'er;
 High in the unseen cupola, o'er all were seen and heard
 The mustering stores of wrath that fast their coming forms prepared.

Woe to the fiend, whose deeds of ill first lit this fierce control!
 For God, in future days, will light new terrors in his soul.
 In vision now, to plague his heart, the fiend is storm'd away,
 In living emblem to behold what waits his future day.
 Away! beyond its thundering bounds—beyond the second lake—
 Through dim bewilder'd shadows, that no living semblance take.

O'er soft and unsubstantial shades that towering visions seem,
 Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying dream;
 Till down, where feet of hills might be, the fiend by lake was stay'd,
 That lies like red and angry p'ate in terror unallay'd—
 A mirror, where Jehovah's wrath, in majesty alone,
 Comes in the night of worlds to see its armour girded on.

The awful wall of shadows round night dusky mountains seem,
 But never holy light hath touch'd an outline with its gleam;
 'Tis but the eye's bewildered sense, that fain would rest on form,
 And make night's thick blind presence to created shapes conform.
 No stone is moved on mountains here, by creeping creatures cross'd—
 No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.

Here all is solemn idleness; no music here, nor jars,
 Where silence guards the coast, o'er thrill her everlasting bars.
 No sun here shines on wanton isles; but o'er the burning sheet
 A rim of restless halo shakes, that marks the internal heat;
 As in the days of beauteous earth we see with dazzled sight
 The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.

O! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things
The Last Lake of God's Wrath, where He his first great victim brings.
In bosom of the passive gulf the fiend was made to stay,
Till, as it seem'd, ten thousand years had o'er him roll'd away ;
In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space,
Nor active joy in good or ill e'er charm'd his dwelling-place.

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leav'd earth his thirsty spirit cheers.
And O! a presence soft and cool came o'er his sultry dream—
A form of beauty clad about with fair Creation's beam.
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrill'd through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bow'd his heart with softly sad control :—

“ No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love,
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above ;
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face ;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race.
But bow thy heart to God of Love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy peace and love thy soul shall dwell.

“ And thou shalt dwell midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk shall bathe thy blister'd feet.
And when the unbidden tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast ;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.”

So spoke the unknown Cherub's voice, of sweet affection full,
And dewy lips the dreamer kiss'd, till his lava breast was cool.
In dread revulsion woke the fiend, as from a mighty blow,
And sprung a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know ;
Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scatter'd shores of night,
So turn'd he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

The Last Lake of the Wrath of God in emblem taught his soul,
Of idle dull eternity that on him soon must roll,
When plans and issues all must cease that earlier care beguiled,
And never era more shall be a land-mark on the wild.
Nor failure nor success are there, nor busy hope nor fame,
But passive fix'd endurance, all eternal and the same.

So knew the Fiend, and fain his soul would to oblivion go,
But from its fear recoil'd again in pride, like mighty bow.
He saw the heavens above his head upstayed, bright, and high,
The planets, undisturb'd by him, were shining in the sky.
The silent magnanimity of Nature, and her God,
With anguish smote his haughty soul, and sent his hell abroad.

His pride would have the works of God to show the signs of fear,
And flying angels, to and fro, to watch his dread career ;
But all was calm :—He felt night's dews upon his sultry wing,
And gnash'd at the impartial laws of Nature's mighty King ;
Above control, or seeming hate, they no exception made,
But gave him dews, like aged thorn, or little grassy blade.

In terror, like the mustering manes of the cold and curly sea,
 So grew his eye's enridged gleams, and doubt and danger flee ;
 Like veteran band's grim valour slow, that moves t' avenge its chief,
 Up slowly drew the Fiend his form, that shook with proud relief.
 And he shall upward go, and pluck the windows of high heaven,
 And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold hell be given.

Quick as the levin, that in haste licks up the life of man,
 Aloft he sprung, and through his wing the piercing north wind ran,
 Till, like a glimmering lamp that's lit in lazar-house by night,
 To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright,
 Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,—
 So gather'd darkness high the Fiend, till swallow'd like a star.

What judgment from the tempted Heaven shall on his head go forth ?
 Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.—
 The stars are up, and undisturb'd in the lofty fields of air ;
 The will of Heaven is all enough, without a red arm bare.
 'Twas God that gave the Fiend a space to prove him still the same,
 Then bade wild hell, with hideous laugh, be stirr'd its prey to claim.

OBEDIENCE, OR LOVE IN THE DESERT.

"BY the honor of our women," is the binding oath of a Bedouin, who, from early infancy to hoary age, whatever may be his errors in other respects, never fails to treat the sex in general with delicacy and deference, and his fair friends in particular with affection and tenderness. Successive generations pass by, without leaving a stain on the fair fame of a wife or daughter, through all the numerous tribes that people the deserts of Africa and Asia.

Although the tent of the Arab is proverbially open for the purposes of hospitality, yet there is a division in this simple dwelling by which the women of every family are secluded from all eyes, and which is not entered even by near relatives without permission ; and, when seen, every woman is covered by a veil which descends below her arms, and thus preserves the retirement demanded by her modesty, and required by her beauty in that scorching clime. Trained from early infancy to habits of industry, even the daughters and wives of their sheiks share in the humblest household toils, without thereby impairing their dignity ; and

the Arab maiden, being habituated to yield unreserved obedience to her father, since she has daily experience of his kindness, presumes not to doubt his judgment in disposing of her hand. In some tribes an accepted lover is permitted to visit his bride elect, in the presence of her parents, before marriage ; but this was not the custom with that tribe of which Ismael al-Rashid was the chief.

This sheik was a warrior of acknowledged valor and wisdom, and master of great property in camels, horses, and flocks. His settlement consisted of many hundred tents, and at his bidding two thousand spears started into action, when, clothed in scarlet and gold, and mounted on a charger white as the snows of Lebanon, he appeared as a prince and a general. Seated in his tent, surrounded by his family, with the law of wisdom and kindness on his lips, he seemed the father and friend of his people,—the true representative of the character of an ancient patriarch.

Twin daughters in their sixteenth summer, and a young son who had

not left the tents of the women, were his sole surviving offspring, at a time when he was suddenly called upon by a sheik, with whom he was in alliance, to repel a powerful and advancing foe. He lost not an hour in obeying the summons, and his little army went forth amidst the blessings and prayers of mothers, wives, and children, who anticipated the return of the warriors, laden with spoils and honor, and whilst they cast timid glances through their veils and their tents toward the well mounted train, to the individual alone, who claimed their duty or their love, were their modest regards directed.

This was a period for female visiting, as all could move about at freedom; and the daughters of the sheik, throughout the day, received a succession of guests, who honored their rank not less than they loved them for the suavity of their manners and the generosity of their hearts.—Though Miriam and Keturah had lost their mother, they were well taught in all it became their sex and their condition to know; they were both lively and intelligent, more especially Miriam, who seemed born to take the lead, from being taller, and having a far greater fluency of speech when diffidence permitted her to converse. They were skilled in embroidery, they wove the blue striped linen for their father's use, and taught the female slaves how to prepare the goat's hair for tents. Every day they kneaded the cakes, and mixed the honey and vinegar into which they were dipped, for the breakfasts of the family, and seethed the kids prepared for the supper. They could exhibit the characteristic dances of their tribe, and sing to the lute the songs of the shepherds; and on the present occasion, they conducted themselves with that graceful ease and courteous hospitality, which are among the most endearing qualities of woman, however she may be situated. They wore long drawers of the finest linen, over which were chemises of rich gauze,

descending below the knees. They had wide sleeves which were confined at the wrists by embroidered ribbands and rich bracelets, and round the bosom also was a border of needle-work, like that for which the daughters of Judea were formerly celebrated. Over this was a close-fitting *kaftan* (or jacket) of crimson velvet with a fringe of gold, confined by a girdle enriched with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds; a loose mantle of light-blue silk descended from the shoulders, and flowed about the small feet which were covered with morocco slippers, whilst round the slender ancles appeared a string of silver bells. Their luxuriant hair was slightly confined by bands of pearls, and on their necks were chains of massive gold and beads of amber.

As the sun was declining, the guests withdrew to perform the various duties which were demanded in the care of their families and their flocks; and each sister after putting on a veil, took a pitcher, and attended by slaves, went forth to the well for water, taking with them the sheik's son Khaled. This well sprang at the foot of a low ridge of rocks, and near it were scattered a few stunted palm-trees which alone broke the dull monotony of the wild desert around.

This was always an errand of frolic and sport. The sprightly boy ran round the trees, pursuing, and pursued by, the fond sisters, who delighted him not more than themselves in thus indulging the innocent sportiveness of their own young hearts and buoyant spirits. Never perhaps had they played with such zest as on that night; for then not a straggling male was found within the wide domain; no hunting-party returning to the tents could surprise them, nor even the honored voice of their father be heard commanding their return. The tinkling of their own light feet, and the echoes of their own sweet voices, alone broke on the silence, until the loud shriek of a slave alarmed them, and Miri-

am, turning, beheld camels winding round the rocks, and a horseman springing from his steed close beside her.

Astonishment, terror, and shame, overwhelmed her; for at this moment Khaled had possession of her veil, and was waving it in triumph from the tree, and Keturah and the slaves were already flying towards their home. The boy, indeed, lost not a moment in throwing down the veil: but Miriam seemed to be rooted to the spot, until the stranger himself presented it, and, pitying her confusion, generously turned away his eyes from that glowing cheek on which a stranger's glance had never before rested.

"Fear not, gentle damsel, that thy misfortune should awaken my presumption; but hasten lovely trembler to replace thy veil; for men of a distant country are at hand, and I would not that the gaze of the infidel should wound thee:—but say, I pray thee, are not the tents of Ismael at hand, for thither do we hasten?"

"My father and his men (she replied) went forth this morning, and I know not the time of their return."

"It is enough; then we journey onward, and our rest shall be taken far from the dwellings of the unprotected; but thou wilt command that corn and water be given to our servants, daughter of the liberal-handed?"

The voice of the stranger fell on the senses of the agitated girl like oil upon the troubled waters, diffusing light and peace; yet she could scarcely utter one word in reply. In another moment he had sprung on his steed, had given orders to his attendants, and dashed away at the head of his party in a contrary direction to the sheik's tents; and not until he was far from her did he allow himself to cast his eyes towards a form so fascinating, or permit his thoughts to dwell on that beauty and sensibility which had penetrated his heart.

Miriam now first became able to move; she even ran toward the tents

with the swiftness of the antelope; for her feet were swift because her heart was full. She prepared to distribute her stores, and in piling up the baskets with choice dates and figs, bread of the finest telf, and dried venison, new milk and honey, she believed only that she acted as became the daughter of a wealthy sheik, and knew not that she had bestowed unwittingly the virgin love of a heart intended probably for a different object.

When the slaves were despatched with provisions for the strangers, and the sisters were unrestrained by the presence of witnesses, both lamented the accident, and spoke of their feelings under circumstances in their eyes so momentous. Keturah had indeed little to unfold; she had looked up, and beheld near her a pale man of another land, and, seizing her dishevelled veil, had fled; but Miriam's little story was prolonged until the rising sun illuminated the desert. She had observed, in a single and constrained glance, every particular of the dress and accoutrements of the youth who addressed her, and, to Keturah's surprise, she spoke of each as an object of wonder. His purple kaftan, bound with the gold lace of Damascus—his sash of Persian silk, and the silver mounted pistols stuck in it—the bornouse of light damask surmounting his dress, and the muslin folds which encircled his cap, and by their number revealed his rank as the descendant of a sheik—were all distinctly defined and commented upon, together with the rich bridle and the housings of his beautiful mare. If Miriam did not speak of the brilliancy which lighted up his dark eyes, the proud curl of his mustachio, his air of mingled majesty and mildness, his graceful carriage and sonorous voice, it was not because they were forgotten, but remembered too well. On such subjects no Arab maiden could speak, even to the sister who was to her as another self.

Within a few days Ismael and his people returned victorious, bringing

with them a concourse of strangers, for whom a feast of camel's flesh was prepared, and with whom great rejoicings were made. The heart of Miriam alone was sad; she dreaded for the first time to meet the eye of her father, and his new presents to her seemed only valuable because they concealed the want of a coral bracelet which she had lost at the well, in that adventure which it was her punishment and yet her delight to remember.

The strangers departed: Ismael entered the tents of the women, and related the particulars of his expedition; but he was interrupted by his son, who earnestly entreated "that he might be instructed in the use of arms, and enrolled amongst the youths who accompanied their fathers to the fight."

Proud of his spirit, the sheik promised that, when the Rhamadan should be over, his request should be granted.—"Before it arrives," added he, "this tent will have another loss, for thou, my Miriam, art demanded in marriage." The maiden fell at his feet and embraced his knees; but her downcast eyes could not meet those of her sire, as she besought him not to dispose of her, at least so long as Khaled remained, whose teacher and attendant she had been. "Then must Keturah fulfil my promise, for it is passed, and thou (perverse in thy love) will lose the benefit of being first-born, and the honor of marrying the youth who distinguished himself in our late battle—the valiant Adonah-al-Arish."

Keturah, though astonished and affected, made no objection to this arrangement; and she ardently wished that the youth betrothed to her might have a brother or relative worthy to bring Miriam into a similar connection. Alas! in the heart of the elder maiden there was no corresponding desire; for Keturah must move towards the west, and the steps of him after whom Miriam's heart so fondly travelled, were directed to the east.

In a few days the chief issued his

orders for a removal, and his numerous dependents prepared to depart with the rising sun. Poor Miriam crept out of the tent at the midnight hour, once more to visit the well, gaze on the palm-trees, and for the hundredth time stand where *he* had stood, and repeat the words which *he* had uttered. She plucked the dry herbage of that beloved spot and, placed it in her bosom; kissed the rock where his hand had been laid; and after breathing a devout prayer for his safety, stole back with the oppressive sensations of one who had at once encountered a misfortune and committed a crime.

Sleep had not visited her eyelids when all the members of the community were in motion. Tents were stricken, camels laden, horses mounted by the men, asses by the women and children; litters were contrived for the sick, flocks and herds were driven by the slaves, and an immense body soon appeared in slow procession, traversing the desert like Jacob the patriarch, when he returned to the plains of Canaan.—The journey was one of many days; but it brought them to a pleasant and fruitful tract, in which every one rejoiced save Miriam, and she, whose glad voice was wont to swell gayest in the moment of joy, remained silent now, for every new object only reminded her of the vast distance which now divided her from the few dear and treasured objects which she had associated in her mind with him whom she must behold no more; *him* on whom her recollections dwelt the more intensely, when separation and circumstances shewed her the necessity of resigning him.

Her smothered sighs and bewildered looks were attributed to the pain of parting from her sister, for whom she was now daily employed in choosing fair ornaments, and curiously adorning wedding-vestments. The hour of parting was extremely painful; but Keturah bore it better than her sister; and amidst weeping, wondering, fearing and hoping, enveloped in an abundance of cover-

ing, she was placed on a camel, and with a numerous escort conveyed to her future residence.

Miriam eagerly enquired of the slaves who returned, about the reception and welfare of Keturah. She learned that the whole community came out to welcome her, and that the bridegroom himself lifted her from the camel, amidst the loud acclamations of the women. A stick was then placed by an elder in her hand, which she was desired to thrust into the ground, as a token that she there freely planted herself; and with such good-will did she perform the ceremony, that all around rejoiced in the omen.

"Happy! happy girl," ejaculated Miriam, "thy hand was firm because thy heart was free."

"After this," added the relator, "two matrons led her forth to milk the goats, and prove her power of being an useful member of the community. She was then carried in triumph to the tent, where the sheik her husband removed her veil, and was so delighted with her beauty and her modest demeanor, that he hath sent a noble present to her father in token of gratitude and eternal amity."

"Ah! never shall I be thus honored," said Miriam to her own ill-boding breast; "for never can I be the fond and cheerful wife Keturah will prove to her beloved Adonah. I may be obedient—I will be dutiful, if I must marry; but more is beyond my power. Oh! that I may escape the trial, may remain forgotten in the tent, and wither like the flower in the desert, unseen and undesired!"

So far was poor Miriam from obtaining this wish, that she learned within a short time that strangers from the land of Jepheth had arrived at the tent,—honorable men whom her father was entertaining with especial courtesy; and, since they were journeying to satisfy their desire of knowledge, he wished her and the young Khaled to practice before them the solemn dance peculiar to their tribe.

Such a circumstance had never occurred before within the memory of any person present; but all around her were convinced that her father's commands were those of wisdom, and they hastened to adorn Khaled with the most splendid apparel, and place a light spear in his hand. The only additions necessary to Miriam's dress were a golden tiara or fillet and a shawl: one served to confine her luxuriant hair that fell in curls upon her brow, while the other was to be used in the movements of the dance.

The slaves in the mean time had been clearing a space in the tent, adorning it with branches and flowers, and so disposing the seats of the strangers, that they might behold with convenience, and yet be at a sufficient distance. When the music had begun to sound, and the soft voices of the women within aided it, Ismael arose and proceeded to meet his daughter at the entrance of the female tent. He spoke to her in the kindest words of encouragement, with his own hands he removed the veil from her face, and led her forward to the appointed spot. Miriam made no answer in words, but her bending motion implied submission to his pleasure: her eyes, shaded by their silken-fringed lids, were cast on the ground, and not once raised except to look on Khaled. The strangers might gaze on *her*, but she beheld not one of *them*; nor did the blush of modest confusion subside for one moment while she appeared before them.

The form of Miriam was slender yet beautifully rounded, her complexion might almost vie with European fairness, and the texture of her skin was smoother than ivory. The form of her face was a perfect oval, her nose arched, her brow open; she had the short upper lip of the Grecian statue, the small exquisitely formed mouth and the dimpled chin of the Asiatic beauty, with scarlet lips and teeth of pearl. Her shape was set off to great advantage by her dress, and her motions in the dance

were so graceful and elegant, that the murmur of general admiration reached her ear, though the words in which it was expressed were unintelligible. Happy was the maiden when the last evolution was performed, and Khaled, bounding forward, threw her veil over her, and led her to the inner tent.

The boy spoke with delight of the strangers whom he had seen; and Miriam, remembering that men of a foreign land were in the party of the fondly recollected traveller, seemed for a moment to think that these might be the same—but no! something told her that her eye must have been led to look upon him whose form was so closely pictured in her heart, nor could she fail to hope that she was not forgotten, in which case the youth would have sought to win her recognition. It was happy (she said to herself) that she was not so tried—happy, that her secret love was unsuspected: and it must be henceforth the labor of her life to extinguish it. This resolution, indeed, appeared to be necessary; for, within a week, her father informed her that he had received an offer of marriage for one who beheld her in the dance, and who was charmed by her modesty and her talents.

"And will my father give his first-born to the stranger, the infidel?"

"No, Miriam; it is to a youth of his own people, a descendant of the good sheik Yusef, the wise and venerable, that I give thee; thy alarm is foolish, and unworthy of thy trust in me." He spoke in displeasure, and her heart sank beneath his frown. Struggling to obtain the power of self control, *the true heroism of woman*, she resolved to imitate the composure of Keturah. When she evinced more than ordinary vigilance in her household duties, and care in the adornment of her person, the smiles of her father were restored; and, if he now saw an unbidden tear start to her eye, it was attributed to that lingering affection for the paternal roof, so natural and endearing in a betrothed daughter. Yet, day after day, the

rose became fainter on the cheek of Miriam, and it was happy for her that the trial was of short duration. The beauty of her countenance was diminished; but its touching expression was increased, at the time when she was called up to renounce forever the sad but tender thoughts on which her imagination had fed so long, and enter on those sacred duties which bound her soul to another. The sheik, as she knelt before him gave her his blessing with an emotion scarcely inferior to her own; for he was aware that she suppressed the struggles of her heart, and he well remembered the sensibility displayed by her mother on a similar occasion.

Nearly the whole tribe went out to escort the beloved Miriam, and on this occasion Khaled first assumed the manly character, as, mounted on a beautiful Arabian horse, he headed the cavalcade. Often did the heart of the boy cling with all its passionate fondness to his lovely sister, and scarcely could he restrain the tear that moistened his eyelids, as he looked toward the camel on which she sat shrouded from every eye, and communing only with her own aching heart.

The kafila in due time arrived at the tent of Yusef. Miriam was lifted from her camel and carried immediately within the tent. In another moment her veil was removed, and an aged man with a beard white as snow stood before her. Astonished, she sank on her knees: he raised her instantly, and, presenting her with a bracelet, said, that his grandson Abner sent it to her as a token of his recollection. The bracelet was her own. Ah! what was the meaning of this message? had Abner witnessed her disaster, and did he take this method of reproaching her? Had she been brought from her father's house to be reproved and rejected? it must be so, since she had not gone through the ceremonies which ushered Keturah into the matrimonial state. Pride and sorrow alike agitated her, and she burst into tears.

—The good old man, in whose benign countenance she might have read her error, hastened to relieve her anxiety by bringing forward his noble grandson, the handsome stranger whom she had seen at the well. With graceful rapidity the youth told her, that since that eventful night the bracelet had been pillowed on his breast, and had partaken of many journeyings in search of her; he assured her that, when he hid himself from her view in her father's tent, he only wished not to add to her confusion; and that, in deputing the office of receiving her to his venerable ancestor, he had sought only to spare her from the pain of too suddenly recognizing one who had perhaps innocently offended her.

The soft yet manly voice again soothed the throbbing heart of Mi-

riam, dispelling all her fears, and animated her with grateful joy. Wiping away her tears, she first looked on the aged sheik with a daughter's pleasure, and then dared to meet the gaze of that youthful husband who had so often been the subject of her dreams. She now first ventured to believe, that she might be forgiven for loving and preferring her bridegroom to the rest of his sex, before she had entered his tent, though she was the first of all her race guilty of an innovation unconsciously made, and often bitterly lamented—an innovation which (as she confessed to Keturah, who was her speedy visitant) nothing but the merit of her lover could excuse, and which could only be pardoned in consideration of her intended virtue and actual obedience.

THE GORED HUNTSMAN.

THE night was drawing on apace. The evening mist, as it arose from the ground, began to lose its thin white wreaths in the deep shadows of the woods. Kochenstein, separated from his companions of the chase, and weary with his unsuccessful efforts to rejoin them, became more and more desirous of discovering in what direction his route lay. But there was no track visible, at least by that uncertain and lessening light, the mazes of which could guide him to his home. He raised his silver-mouthed bugle to his lips, and winded a loud and sustained blast. A distant echo plaintively repeated the notes. The baron listened for other answer with the attention his situation required, but in vain. "This will never do," said he, casting the reins on his horse's neck: "see, good Reinzaum, if thy wit can help thy master at this pinch; it has done so before now." The animal seemed to understand and appreciate the confidence placed in him. Pricking up his before drooping ears, and uttering a wild neigh, he turned

from the direction his rider had hitherto pursued, and commenced a new route, at an animated trot. For a while the path promised well; the narrow defile down which it lay, between rows of gigantic larch and twisted oaks, seemed manifestly intended to conduct to some more extended opening. But on reaching its termination the horse suddenly stopped. The glimmering light that yet remained just enabled the baron to perceive the impervious enclosure of thickly planted trees, that surrounded the little natural amphitheatre at which he had arrived. "This is worse and worse, Reinzaum," exclaimed the disappointed rider, as he cast a disconsolate glance upwards. There was not a single star visible, to diminish the deep gloom in which the woods were enveloped. "Guetiger himmel! that I should be lost in my own barony, and not a barelegged schelm to point out my road!" Weary of remaining in one spot, he rode round the enclosure in which he found himself thus unpleasantly placed. He repeated the same ex-

ercise, gazing wistfully on every side, though the darkness was now almost too great to discover to him the massy trunks under the branches of which he rode. At length he stopped suddenly. "Is that a light?" said he inwardly, "that glimmers through the — no, 'tis gone. Ach Gott! it comes again! If I could but reach it!" Again he winded his horn, and followed the blast with a most potent halloo. His labour was in vain, the light remained stationary. The baron began to swear. He had been educated at Wurtzburg, and for a Swabian swore in excellent German. He was perplexed whether to remain where he was, with this provoking light before him, and the probable chance of remaining all night in the wood; or to abandon his steed, and endeavour to penetrate through the trees to the spot whence the light issued. Neither of these alternatives was precisely to his liking. In the former case he must abide the cold air and damp mist till morning; in the other he incurred the risk of losing his steed, should he not be able to retrace his way to the spot. Indecision, however, was not the fault of his character; and, after a minute's hesitation, he sprang from his horse, fastened him to a tree and began to explore the wood in the direction of the light. The difficulties he encountered were not few. The baron was a portly personage, and occasionally found some trouble insqueezing through interstices where a worse-fed man would have passed ungrazed. Briers and thorns were not wanting, and the marshy ground completed the catalogue of annoyances. The baron toiled and toiled, extricating first one leg and then the other from the deep entanglement in which each was by turns plunged, while the object of his attention seemed as distant as ever. His patience was exhausted. Many and emphatic were the figures of his inward rhetoric. Of one fact he became convinced,—that all the evil influences of the stars had this night conspired to concentrate their power

on one unlucky wight, and that this wight was to other than the Baron von Kochenstein. But the baron was not a man easily diverted from his purpose; and he laboured on. His hands were bruised by the branches he had torn down when they impeded his course; and the heat-drops on his brow, raised by his exertions, mixed with the chill and heavy night-dew that fell around him. At length a desperate effort, almost accompanied with the loss of his boots, placed him free from the morass through which he waded. He stamped and shook his feet when on dry land, with the satisfaction that such a deliverance inspires. To add to his joy, he perceived that the light he had so painfully sought was not more than fifty ells distant. A moment or two brought him to the door of a low dwelling, overshadowed by a beetling, penthouse-like roof. As far as he could discern, the building was of considerable antiquity. The portal was of stone, and the same material composed the frame of the windows, which were placed far from the ground, and from which proceeded the light he had sought. Our huntsman lost little time in applying to the door, at first with a gentle knock, which being disregarded, increased to a thundering reverberation of blows. The gentle and the rude knocks were of equal avail. He desisted from his occupation to listen awhile, but not a sound met his ear. "This is strange, by the mass!" said the baron: "the house must be inhabited, else whence the light? And though they slept like the seven sleepers, my blows must have aroused them. Let us try another mode—the merry horn must awaken them, if ought can move their sluggish natures." And once more resorting to his bugle he sounded a *réveillée*. A jolly cheering note it would have been at another time, but in the middle of the dull night it seemed most unfit. A screech owl's note would have harmonized better. "I hear them now," said he of the bugle, "praised be the saints." On this as

on other occasions, however, the saints got more thanks than their due. An old raven, disturbed by the baron's notes, flapping her wings in flight, had deceived his ears. She was unseen in the congenial darkness, but her hoarse croakings filled the air as she flew. Irritated at the delay, the baron made a formal declaration of war. In as loud a voice as he could, he demanded entrance, and threatened, in default of accordance, to break open the door. A loud laugh, as from a dozen revellers, was the immediate reply. A piece of the trunk of a young tree lay near the baron; he took it up and dashed it with all his strength against the door. It was a mighty blow, but, though the very building shook before it, the strong gate yielded not. Before Kochenstein could repeat the attack, a hoarse voice, seemingly proceeding from one of the windows, greeted his ears. "Begone with thy noise," it said, "else I will loose the dog on thee." "I will break the hound's neck, and diminish his caitiff master by the head, if thou open not the door this instant. What! is this the way to treat a benighted traveller? Open, I say, and quickly." It seemed that the inmate was about to put his threat in execution, for the low, deep growl of a wolf-dog was the only answer to the baron's remonstrance. He drew his short hunting sword, and planted himself firmly before the door. He waited awhile, but all was silent. He had again recourse to his battering ram. The door resisted marvellously, but it became evident that it could not long withstand such a siege. As the strong oak cracked and groaned, the baron redoubled his efforts. At length the voice he had before heard, again accosted him. "Come in, then, if thou wilt. Fool! to draw down thy fate on thee." The bolts were undrawn. "Lift up the latch." The baron troubled not himself to inquire the meaning of the ominous words of the speaker, but obeyed the direction given, and entered. He found himself in a spacious apartment

that appeared to comprise the whole tenement. He looked around for the foes he expected to meet, and started back with astonishment. The only occupant of the apartment was a lady, the rich elegance of whose dress would have attracted admiration, had not that feeling been engrossed by her personal loveliness. Her white silken garment clung to a form modelled to perfection, and was fastened at her waist by a diamond clasp of singular shape, for it represented a couchant stag. A similar ornament confined the long tresses of her hair, the jetty blackness of which was as perfect as the opposite hue of the brow they shaded. Her face was somewhat pale, and her features melancholy, but of exquisitely tender beauty. She arose, as the baron entered, from the velvet couch on which she was seated, and with a slight but courteous smile motioned him to a seat opposite to her own. A table was ready spread by its side, laden with refreshments. He explained the cause of his coming, and apologized with great fervency for his rude mode of demanding admission. "You are welcome," said the lady, again pointing to the vacant seat. Nothing could be more ordinary than these three words, but the sound of her voice thrilled through the hearer's sense into his soul. She resumed her seat, and Kochenstein took the place offered him. He gazed around, and was convinced, to his amazement, that they were alone. Whence then the voice with which he had held converse? and whence the uproarious laugh which had first assailed his hearing? There could not, he felt certain, be another chamber under that roof capable of containing such a number of laughers. The dog, too, whose savage growl had put him on his guard, where was he?—The baron was, however, too genuine a huntsman to suffer either surprise or admiration to prevent him from doing justice to the excellent meal before him, and to which his hostess invited him, declining, however, to par-

take with her guest. He ate and drank, therefore, postponing his meditations, except an anxious thought on the situation of his steed. "Poor Reinzaum," thought he, "thou wilt suffer for my refreshment. A warm stable were fitter by far for thee than the midnight damps that chill thee." And the baron looked with infinite satisfaction on the blazing hearth, the ruddy gleams of which almost eclipsed the softer light of the brilliant lamp that hung from the ceiling. As his appetite became satisfied, his curiosity revived. Once or twice as he raised his eyes he met the bright black ones of his entertainer. They were beautiful; yet, without knowing why, the baron shrunk from their glance. They had not the pensive softness of her features. The expression was one he could not divine, but would not admit that he feared. He filled his goblet, and in the most courteous terms drank the lady's health. She bowed her head in acknowledgment, and held to him a small golden cup richly chased. The baron filled it,—she drank to him, though but wetting her lip with the liquor. She replaced the cup and rose from her seat. "This room," she said, "must be your lodging for the night. Other I cannot offer you. Farewell." The baron was about to speak. She interrupted him. "I know what you would say—yes, we *shall* meet again. Take this flower," she added, breaking a rose from a wreath that twined among her hair in full bloom, though September had commenced, and the flowers of the gardens and the fields were long since dead—"take this flower. On the day that it fades you see me once more." She opened a small door in the wainscoting, hitherto unseen by the baron, and closed it after her, before he could utter a word. The baron felt no disposition to sleep, and paced about the room revolving the events of the evening. The silence of the hour was favorable to such an employment, and the soft carpets that covered the floor prevented even his own footsteps

from being heard. Wearied with his fruitless ruminations, he was beginning to relieve himself from his lonely want of occupation, by taking note more minutely than before of the handsome though antique furniture of the apartment, when his attention was claimed by the sounds of a harp. A few bars only had been played, when the music was sweetened by a voice the softest he had ever heard. The words of the song applied too strikingly to himself to escape his ear.

Wo to him whose footsteps rude
Break my fairy solitude !
Wo to him whose fated grasp
Dares undo my portal clasp !
Wo to him whose rash advance
Dooms him to my blighting glance !
In the greenwood shall he lie,
On the bloody heather die.

The voice and music ceased together, leaving the baron oppressed with unwonted fears. "And I must see her again! would this rose would bloom forever!" He seated himself, and ere long fell into a troubled sleep. When he awoke, the ashes on the hearth were sparkless, and the morning, casting away her gray mantle, was beginning to dart her gayer beams through the narrow windows. He perceived, with surprise, that the door through which his hostess had retired was ajar, yet she was not in the apartment, and from the situation in which he had sat, she could not have passed through the door by which he had entered. He arose, and walked about with as much noise as he could make, with the object of apprising the lady of the dwelling that the wainscot door was open. After continuing this for a length of time, his curiosity increased. He ventured to look through the doorway. It opened only into a small closet, which was entirely empty. He had already witnessed too much to feel any great additional astonishment at this discovery. "Besides," said he to himself, "her words spoke but of a meeting at a future day. Why therefore should I expect her now?"—He opened the entrance door, and found his horse, which he

had left tied in the wood, ready for departure, and apparently in excellent condition. "Woman or witch," he exclaimed, "I owe her a good turn for this—now, Reinzaum, keep up thy credit." And springing on his horse's back, he pursued a track that seemed to lead in the direction he wished; and without aid of whip or spur was at Kochenstein in an hour. His first act was to place the rose in a vase of water. Day by day he visited it, and found its bloom unabated. Three months passed away without any visible alteration in the beauty of the flower. The baron became less sensible of the remembrances connected with it, and gazed on it with indifference. He even displayed it to the inmates of his castle, and among others to his only daughter, the death of whose mother had left Kochenstein a widower. Frederica was in her seventh year, and within a few days of its completion. To her earnest entreaties for the flower, her father promised it should be hers on her birthday. The child was overjoyed at the idea of a present, to which much importance was attached in her eyes, for the ever-blooming rose was the talk of the whole castle; and every human creature in it, except its lord, offered many conjectures respecting the flower, all very ingenious, and all very absurd. On the morning of his daughter's birthday the rose was dead. The Baron von Kochenstein, though a man of courage and thirty-two quarterings, changed colour when he beheld the faded flower. Without speaking a word, he mounted Reinzaum, and galloped off at the rate of four German miles an hour. He had ridden some half hour, when he saw before him a stag, the finest he had ever beheld. It was prancing on the frosty ground, and throwing aloft its many-tined antlers, in proud disdain of the meaner brutes of the earth. At the approach of the baron it fled. In pure distraction of spirits, and in that dread of his own thoughts which prompts a man to any thing to avoid himself, Kochen-

stein pursued, though unattended by a single hound. The stag seemed wind-footed. Reinzaum followed like a noble horse as he was. Through glade and copse, over hill and plain, the baron chased the lordly stag. At length it abated its speed near the side of a transparent pool, in the midst of which a fountain threw up its beautiful column of waters. The stag halted, and turned to gaze on its pursuer. For the first time, Kochenstein applied his spur to the quivering flank of his steed, and grasped his hunting sword. A moment brought him to the side of the quarry: ere another had elapsed, a stroke from its branching antlers brought him to the ground. The steed fled in dismay. In vain did Kochenstein endeavour to avert his impending fate. With all the strength of terror he grasped the left horn of the stag, as it bended against its prostrate victim. The struggle was but for an instant, and a branch of the other antler pierced the baron's side. No sooner was the stroke inflicted, than the rage which had possessed the stag seemed wholly abated. It offered not to trample on the defenceless man, or to repeat the blow. Gazing awhile on its work, it turned away, plunged into the waters of the fountain, and was lost from sight in the overwhelming flood. Enfeebled as he was, for the blood gushed in torrents from his side, the baron half raised himself up to look on the closing waters. Something in the stag's gaze awoke associations that carried his mind back to the events of a few months ago. While he gazed on the fountain, the column of its jet divided, then sunk, and ceased to play. A figure appeared from the midst. It glided across the pool, and approached the baron. A lady stood beside him. She was clad in robes of white, and her head was girt with a wreath of faded flowers. Her left brow was spotted with recent blood. The baron shuddered at her glance, still more at her voice, for he knew too well the soft tone in which she sang these lines:

To my plighted promise true,
Once again I meet thy view ;
Now my garland's roses fade,
And thy rashness' debt is paid.
Sad the fate, and dark the doom,
That led thee to my secret home :
In the greenwood thou art lying,
On the bloody heather dying !

The last sounds mingled with the

rush of the fountain as it rose again, when, retreating on the waters, the songstress sank into their embrace. Her last notes had fallen on the ears of the baron. The rush of the waters was unheard by him ; for when the song ceased, he was no more.

VARIETIES.

CROMWELL.

THE following traditional anecdote of Cromwell, is from the relation of an old man, who had heard it repeated many times in his youth by some ancient members of his family. During the times of the Commonwealth, there befel a scarcity of corn, in consequence of a short harvest. Though it was known that the preceding years had produced plentiful crops, yet the farmers of those days, like forestallers and controllers of the markets in later times, artificially increased the scarcity by withholding their grain from the public, till a famine appeared to threaten the metropolis. Upon a market-day (I was told by my narrator), at Uxbridge, a stout, rubicund, respectable, gentlemanly man, dressed like a substantial country yeoman, purchased nearly all the supply of grain in the market. The farmers, supposing him to be employed by some merchants, or probably by government, were well pleased with him, and invited him to dine at one of the inns in their company, which invitation he accepted. After dinner, whilst regaling themselves over their tankards, &c. he told them he had a large commission for corn, and was disposed to give a good price. He likewise offered a premium to him who brought the greatest quantity for sale. Accordingly, on the next market-day, Uxbridge had never displayed a larger supply of corn. Then, too, appeared our substantial yeoman, with several attendants, and bags of gold. He purchased and paid for nearly all the grain that was

brought. The competition amongst the farmers for the prize had emptied many a groaning granary, and the lucky farmer who had brought the greatest quantity was called for by the gentlemanly purchaser to receive at his hands the promised douceur. Exultingly he received and pocketed the money ; but as he was turning away from his liberal customer, he was asked by that gentleman to return him twopence, which the farmer did accordingly. The gentleman, with a commanding air, and a severe tone, thus addressed him : " Dost thou know what thy twopence is for ? " He answered, " No. " " Well, then, I'll tell thee : I consider thou art the greatest rogue in this market. This twopence is to purchase a cord to hang thee withal. Corporal Stubbs," addressing one of his pretended servants, " there lives a cord-twister over the way ; with this twopence buy thee a rope, and hang this fellow upon the sign-post of this very house, as a warning to all such accursed Achans ; for surely, as saith the Scripture, ' Cursed is he that withholdeth bread from the poor. ' "—The immediate execution of the farmer took place, for it was Cromwell who commanded it ; and Uxbridge market, for the future, was well and regularly supplied with grain.

PORSON.

The late professor having once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm, the petulant opponent thus addressed him :—" Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, sir, that my opinion of you is perfectly contempt-

ible." Porson replied, "I never knew an opinion of yours, sir, which was not contemptible."

THE PRICE OF IGNORANCE.

The celebrated Abou Yusuph, who was chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of the Caliph Hader, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubt, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. It is related of this judge, that on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the caliph is to pay your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

THE COCK AFLOAT IN THE BOWL.

Many attempts have been made to explain why the cock is sacred to Minerva; and his claims to her protection are often founded on an assumed preeminence of wisdom and sagacity. This brings to our mind a story related by a gentleman, late resident in the Netherlands, of a cock in a farm-yard somewhere in Holland, near Rotterdam, whose sagacity saved him from perishing in a flood, occasioned by the bursting of one of the dykes. The water rushing furiously and suddenly into the village, swamped every house to the height of the first story, so that the inhabitants were obliged to mount, and had no communication for awhile, except by boats. The cattle and other animals and many fowls perished. Our friend chancicleer, however, had the adroitness to jump into a large wooden bowl, containing some barley, in which he ate, and quietly floated, till the flood had subsided, having not only a good ship

to carry him, but provision on board during the voyage.

MEDICAL SKILL IN THE EAST.

While my companions were trying this experiment, and wondering at the cause, I remained on the terrace conversing with Hajee Ibrahim. I noticed a small village about a mile distant, which seemed deserted. "Is that oppression?" said I. "No," said the Hajee, "worse." "Why," said I, "the Turkumans cannot have carried their inroads so near the town." "They could not have done the work so complete," said my friend, smiling. "Who has done it?" I asked. "A doctor," replied he; "a proper fellow, who acquired great reputation, and he deserved it, from the heirs of his patients at least. That village literally perished under his hands in five years. Now he is gone I know not where, but good luck attend him, so he comes not again to our neighbourhood."—*Sketches of Persia.*

RIVAL SINGERS.

Dr. Arne was once asked by two vocalists of Covent Garden Theatre to decide which of them sung the best. The day being appointed, both parties exerted themselves to the utmost, and when they had finished, the Doctor addressing the first, said, "As for you, sir, you are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah! ah!" said the other, exulting, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, sir," says the Doctor, "I have a word to say to you before you go;—as for you, sir, you cannot sing at all."

HONEST DEALING.

Clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for those windings and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet.—*Bacon.*